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A Sleeping Memory

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

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CHAPTER IX.

Fiske, though far from being a sybarite in the ordinary acceptation of the word, possessed a fundamental but crudely developed love of beautiful. Before all things with him came his devotion to science and scientific investigation. But for his unexpected accession to the Fiske title and estates he would, without doubt, have become a denizen of Harley Street, and made his way without difficulty into the front ranks of his profession. With the passing away of all necessity for work, however, came a curious era of half-doubtful dilettantism, a time during which he read hugely, traveled a good deal, and finally returned to England with the seeds of a great unrest sown in his mind. Mysticism and psychology, which he had dabbled in at first half contemptuously, had become serious studies to him. Dimly he felt the fascination of that unending effort which from the days of Chaldeans had swayed the lives of a long succession of the world's masters, the effort to establish some sort of communication, however faint, however speculative, between the world of known things and the world beyond. At times he found himself moved to the most profound self-ridicule. He would ask himself how it was possible for a man of science to seriously investigate problems whose very foundation must be an assumption. He looked around his study at his walls lined with books, and he smiled grimly as he realized how little, after all, they had taught him. There was the collected wisdom of the world upon its shelves. The sum of all that he had learned from them amounted to nothing. Yet he remembered what Trowse, a fellow-student, had said to him many years ago after a long day spent in the gloom of the British Museum diving into old folios, making copious notes, seeking for forgotten volumes amongst a wilderness of dead books. They passed out into the street, and, a little befogged with the close atmosphere of the place and their long depressing day, turned westward towards the Park. A few minutes, and they were in Trafalgar Square. They passed along Pall Mall into Piccadilly Circus. The streets were blocked with carriages, the human stream surged on every side of them. Trowse had stopped short, a sudden flush had lightened his thin cheeks, pallid with the ceaseless energy of their student life.

"After all, Powers, I think that we are wasting our days," he exclaimed. "Those ancients whose crabbed work filters through to our intelligence so slowly saw no further behind the veil than we. I am tired of all this musty lore, this delving amongst cobwebs."

"What then?" Powers had asked. "Modern scholarship has taught us little enough."

"Let us have done with all scholarship," Trowse answered, with a little burst of rare enthusiasm. "It is the laws of humanity we want to understand. Let us study them at first hand. Let us go down amongst the people."

"What can this rabble teach us?" Powers had asked himself, full of the intellectual contempt of the young student for the whole pleasure-loving world. "Whether their wings be soiled or pure, they are only butterflies!"

Trowse smiled grimly.

"They are the living evidences," he said, "of laws which are worth studying. If we would understand humanity we must not start by despising any part of it."

Powers that night lingered over his wine and dessert, curiously engrossed by certain memories of those earlier days. With characteristic impetuosity the two young men had thrown themselves heart and soul into their new enterprise. They haunted police-courts and places of entertainment from the West End theatres to the Seven Dials music hall. They lived for a while in a great industrial centre; they listened to the hoarse, tragic undernote of the millions underneath. They made their bow at the reception of a Duchess, and spent a whole Bank Holiday dancing upon Hampstead Heath. The lighter course of their wanderings was strewn with many humorous adventures. They learnt something of the true Cockney wit; they caught a dash of that lighthearted philosophy whose owner, born into the world ill provided with the means of subsistence, feels himself to have a claim upon the goods of all men—and acts up to his principles. The Cockney thief and the Cockney wit are things unique in themselves; these and many other phases of life they had encountered with an amusement, in Powers' case partly genuine, in Trowse's wholy tolerant. For all the time they kept strenuously in view their real end. They were not novelists or journalists seeking to make themselves familiar with life among all classes of people. They wanted to understand the causes of all that they saw; they wanted to discover laws.

The end of their enterprise came suddenly. A disaster in his family left Trowse unexpectedly poor. It was necessary for him to take at once some wage-earning position. The two young men parted, curiously enough, without regret. Nothing but that unquenchable thirst for exact knowledge concerning hidden things, shared by both of them, could possibly have kept them together so long; for Powers had many gifts which Trowse had not himself, and despised in others. Powers, though no sentimentalist, possessed his due share of the affections, had an innate love for the beautiful, and a longing for a catholic and universal understanding of his fellows. Where Trowse would gaze with unmoved face, and pursue his calm calculations Powers could only peer with barely veiled horror. They held together through those three years of unorthodox study, but towards the end of it they had drawn wide apart. Trowse entered the ranks of his profession a man of steel, without nerves or sentiment or pity. Powers, with his fuller understanding of life, had no longer any desire for a regular career. Possessed of ample means, the necessity for it had never existed. He left England almost at once, and entered upon a somewhat restless but comprehensive scheme of travel.

Tonight he was in a curiously disturbed mood. He looked through the blue curling wreaths of his cigarette smoke to his study beyond, where his easy-chair and reading-stand were awaiting him, with an unusual reluctance to enter upon his solitary evening. The perfume of the pink roses upon his table, the bloom upon a dish of unusually fine peaches, the delicate flavor of his wine had brought to his memory the dinner with Eleanor a few nights ago. All the evening she had figured in his thoughts. She was one of the more tragic figures in that world which he had spent so long and so much strenuous effort seeking to understand. The possibilities in connection with her loomed large in his imagination. He was oppressed with fears which were altogether new to him. Fortune never could have provided him with a human creature modeled more exactly according to his requirements. He knew her life and the ways of it. The confidence he had expressed as to her ultimate decision was not exaggerated. She would come to him. He was sure of it. She would come to him for an explanation of his words, and she would accept—if he ever made it—his proposition. Yet never, since his idea had first begun to loom large in his thoughts, did he look upon it with less enthusiasm than at this moment. A few hours ago he had written to her—asked her to spend a day upon the river with him. He knew that she would come. The crisis was close at hand. He hoped to be able to delay it.

He rose at last, and passed through into his study, where coffee was awaiting him. By the side of the little brass pot was a single letter and an evening paper. He took up the former negligently. It bore an Indian postmark and the handwriting was familiar to him. He opened it, and read:

"The Service Club, Calcutta.

"My Dear Fiske—I have never found it a pleasure to ask favors, and I am writing to you today with great reluctance, for I am compelled to ask you to do me a great service. I have had offered to me and accepted, a secret service mission to China which will keep me in that country for at least five years. It is doubtful, in fact, whether I shall ever return, for the post is an extremely hazardous one.

"I have long since given up any idea of ever returning to Europe, but I am forced to admit that I have been seriously troubled lately with the responsibilities which the sole charge of my daughter have imposed upon me. I feel that she ought to have her chance in the western world, but during the long years of my absence from England, I seem to have lost touch with all my old friends, and of relations I have only one alive. My appointment in China helps me at least to a decision. I could not possibly leave Eleanor alone here. We have decided therefore, that she shall accept the offer of my brother John, made some years ago, and live with him for a time, at any rate.

"Now comes the difficulty. John was always a rolling stone, and I was always a very careless fellow where addresses are concerned. I do not know exactly where to find him, and as I have to leave here next week there is no time for me to start a search for his whereabouts. Eleanor's passage is booked in the Colombo, as one of the officers' wives here has offered to chaperon her on that boat. I want some one, you see, Fiske, to meet her on her arrival and put her in the way of finding a quiet home for a few weeks and introduce her to a firm of respectable solicitors who will easily be able to trace my brother from the enclosed papers. Your father, I know, would have been glad to do this for his old friend, and I sincerely hope you will not think I am making an undue demand upon your good nature. Eleanor will have a credit at Baring's for all that she requires, and as she is by no means a child, she will not, I think, be much trouble to anyone.

"There will, I am afraid, be a very short margin of time between the receipt of this letter and the arrival of the Colombo, but Eleanor will explain how it was that I postponed writing to you until so late.

"In haste for the mail, and assuring you, my dear Fiske, of my most sincere gratitude for any kindness which you may be able to show my daughter, believe me, yours, most sincerely,

"Walter Hardinge."

Powers replaced the letter carefully in its envelope and made a note to enquire tomorrow as to the due date of the Colombo. The service asked him was slight enough, considering that Hardinge had been his father's greatest friend, and the hospitality with which he himself had been received when in India. His mother would be willing to do all this and more. The journey down to meet her would fall to his lot, and would probably remain his sole responsibility. He shook out the evening paper, but he never penetrated beyond the first page. There in big letters was the appalling news which already loomed large from all the placards in London:

"Total Loss of the P. and O. Steamer Colombo. Disaster in the Bay of Biscay. 200 Passengers Drowned. List of the Rescued."

Powers read the few lines breathlessly. The name of Eleanor Hardinge was amongst the drowned.

CHAPTER X.

"It is," he said to himself, throwing aside the newspaper, "a tragedy. Poor Hardinge! And her name was Eleanor."

The door was quietly opened. His servant stood upon the threshold.

"There is a young lady asking for you, Sir Powers—the name, I believe, was Surtoes."

In the face of what might prove the greater tragedy, Powers forgot the lesser. He rose slowly to his feet.

"What have you done with her, Morton?"

"I took the liberty of asking her to sit for a moment in the hall, sir. I was not sure—"

"Show her in at once," Powers interrupted.

The man bowed. A moment later he ushered Eleanor in. Her hat was beaten about with wind and rain. Even her hair was disordered. She was breathless with rapid walking, her cheeks were wet, and the raindrops hung about her clothes. Powers held out his hand and drew her towards the fire.

"So you have come to see me," he said, in a tone as neally matter-of-fact as he could make it. "I am delighted! To tell you the truth, I was just looking forward, without much enthusiasm, to a particularly dull evening. Allow me."

He wheeled an easy chair up to the fire and placed her in it. He saw that she was nervous and embarrassed, and he continued to talk.

"Tonight," he said, "is one of the most horrible instances of our marvelous climate. I had just written to ask you to have a day upon the river with me. Imagine it."

She smiled, and the color began to reappear in her cheeks. She leaned forward in her chair towards him.

"I want you, please, to tell me the exact truth," she said. "My coming here, I know, is very foolish. I want to know whether it inconveniences you in any way—whether your mother or any one else might think it strange?"

He laughed reassuringly.

"Mine is entirely a bachelor establishment," he declared. "My mother and sister live in Berkeley Square. There is no one here to whom your visit would be even a subject of remark."

She gave a little sigh of relief, and leaned back in her chair. The warmth and comfort of the room after that dreary walk through the rain and hail outside were like a strong, sweet sedative. A curious sense of rest, of finality, took possession of her. With the closing of the front door, with the first breath of that air of indefinable luxury which everywhere pervaded her new surroundings, she seemed to pass into a new order of things. Eten the man who had let her in had seemed wholly unconscious of her shabby clothes, had taken her poor little umbrella, and had respectfully done his best to make her comfortable during the brief period of waiting. There had been a single moment of breathless excitement, of trembling speculation as to the nature of his greeting, but his welcome had been so easy and natural that her fears had been all dispelled by his first few words.

"You are tired out with the walk," he murmured. "Please rest for a few minutes while I put away these books. Then we can talk."

She half closed her eyes with a delicious air of relief. Her thoughts became blurred, a sort of mental Nirvana stole in upon her. A drowsiness, brought on by the pleasant heat and the perfume of flowers, soothed her nerves. Presently, however, she roused herself.

"You are very kind to me, Sir Powers," she said. "I am quite rested now. I have come to ask you to dispense with the interval which you said was necessary before you could explain your words to me. I want you to explain them now."

She saw in his eyes as he watched her a gleam of something which she had never seen there before. There came back with a rush the memory of all Ada's dogged warnings, her own fears. It was madness, this visit of hers. It was not possible that from this man could come her salvation. He must think—she shuddered and rose to her feet.

"It is perhaps very foolish of me to be here at all," she said, "but I have never quite forgotten what you said to me in the tea-room. It was probably nonsense. If so, please tell me, and let me go."

He seemed to read her thoughts, for the little gesture with which he invited her to resume her seat was almost ceremonious. He remained at some distance away, and his face now was quite impassive.

"I am much obliged to you for your confidence, Miss Surtoes," he said quietly. "I presume that you have some serious reason for hastening matters, and I will agree therefore to your request. In the meantime, kindly remember what I have told you about myself. You have nothing whatever to fear from me. If, after we have had a little conversation, the thing which I have had in my mind concerning you is not possible, there will be no harm done, and one of my maid-servants will attend you back to your home."

There fell from her at his words every vestige of that sickly fear which for the moment had assailed her. She was even heartily ashamed of it. Her first judgment of him had been true enough. She was at once wholly at her ease. She answered him readily enough.

"You are very kind," she said. "Please forgive me for being so foolish."

He smiled, and coming to the fire, stood there for a moment warming his hands.

"I think you are very plucky," he said, "to trust to your instincts, which I am sure told you to come to me."

A servant entered with coffee.

"I hope that you will keep me company," he said, taking a cup from the tray, and bringing it to her. "It is a fiendish night, and from your boots I believe that you have walked here."

It was upon her lips to tell him that she had not enough money in the world to pay for a cab, but she refrained. He poured some liqueur into a tiny glass and placed it by her side.

"With your permission," he said, "I will smoke a cigarette, and then I am going to talk to you. You must drink your liqueur, please, every drop of it, and your coffee, before I begin."

She obeyed him gladly enough. He stood with his elbow resting upon the broad oaken mantelpiece, smoking leisurely, talking to her with many pauses.

"I must tell you a little about myself," he began. "It may not be interesting, but it is necessary. I was brought up to be a physician, but I have never been obliged to practice—a fact which has doubtless conduced to the longevity of my friends. I studied in Germany as well as in England, and it was at Heidelberg that I first imbibed a taste for metaphysics. When I returned I began, like every other young medical man, by taking up a special branch of my profession, and devoting most of my time to it. I chose the brain. You see that I was ambitious even in my boyhood."

He flicked the ash from his cigarette, and she was so much at her ease now that she was able to return his smile pleasantly.

"Well, rather unexpectedly I came into the title and some money, and I dropped at once all idea of becoming a general practitioner. It ceased to be necessary, and the idea had always been hateful to me. For some time I devoted myself to my favorite study, until one day I found that I had reached what was almost a cul de sac. Science could only take me to the borderland of a far greater world of knowledge into which I have always felt that some day we shall pass. I reckoned up my exact position, and I decided for a while to rest upon my oars. I made arrangements to travel for some time, going in for sport on a large scale. I tired of it after a bit, and commenced to read again a little. Then it chanced that at Calcutta I met a native Indian doctor to whom I was fortunate enough to be of some service. My meeting with this man was the most wonderful thing which has ever happened to me. I shall never cease to be grateful to him. If the world knew his name and what he has made possible to science, he would be the most famous man of this or any generation."

A faint note of enthusiam had crept into his tone. He watched the blue cigarette smoke curl upwards to the frescoed ceiling.

"He reawakened all my old interest in my profession. For a year we read together. He taught me the rudiments of the most fascinating science which man has ever evolved from nature. For me he opened one of those hidden gates which leads to the unknown world. He made me ashamed of our Western savants, he showed me where the humble village doctors of a thousand years ago stood nearer to the great secrets of nature than we, with the accumulated knowledge of all the centuries."

He was silent for a few moments. His pale face had become fervid, the bright light of the enthusiast was burning in his dark eyes. He was a changed man. Eleanor felt she had become once more only a unit in his eyes, a mere atom of humanity, whose interest to him was purely scientific and impersonal. She found herself trembling. What had these things to do with her? She was afraid of what might come. She remembered that he had spoken of death.

"Oh, that wonderful East," he continued, in a low tone. "How puny it makes us feel with our new civilization, our shoddiness, our materialism, which is only another name for hopeless ignorance. What treasures of art lie buried there, what strange secrets sleep forever in the tombs of their wise men. Halkar told me that he was but the disciple of one immeasurably greater who had died, indeed, with many primal secrets of existence locked in his bosom because there was no one left behind with whom he dared to trust them."

"Tell me about these secrets," Eleanor asked. "Were they of the past, or of the future? And what have you or I to do with them?"

"We are children of the ages," he answered, "and it is our heritage to learn. Halkar taught me much. He set me down at the gate of that wonderful inner world. He placed in my hands the key. With your aid it is possible that I may pass inside."

"With my aid!" Eleanor exclaimed breathlessly. "How can that be? I am ignorant—miserably ignorant. What could I do?"

He smiled at her, and Eleanor felt again that vague fear stirring in her heart. Outside in the street a piano organ was grinding out some doleful melody. It seemed to her fantastic—almost irreverent. She knew that they were going to speak of things which savored of death.

"Listen," he said. "One day Halkar took me to a native village. We went to the house of a rich man. We found him at home, just returned from hunting. He was handsome, hospitable, and, it seemed to me, intelligent. But just before we left Halkar asked him a question about the great storm which laid waste the village and the whole country side only a year before. He looked puzzled, answered us courteously, but vaguely. He remembered nothing."

He paused.

"There was an Elnglish nurse-girl," he continued. "Halkar took me to see her. She was plump, rosy, and good-natured. She was engaged to be married to a gentleman's servant, and she chattered away gayly, and told me all about it. A year ago a mad fakir had run amuck, had killed a soldier to whom she was to have been married the next day, and both the children who had been in her charge. The shock had nearly sent her mad. Yet when Halkar spoke to her of these things, she looked puzzled. She remembered nothing."

Eleanor moistened her dry lips.

"Well?" she asked.

"Their memory," he said slowly, "was gone. Their reason was saved. Halkar was the physician."

She shivered, and sat looking into the fire with eyes full of fear.

"Halkar," he said, "had learned much, but there was more still. It has taken me many years, but at last I believe that I have learned the secret which baffled him all his days. All that I need is a subject."

Sh ewas silent. In the street outside the organ was playing the music from The Belle of New York. She raised her head and listened idly.

"You," he said, "must be that subject."

To be Continued.

Mismated Feet.

Oh! the wandering foot
Loves a seven-league boot,
But the homekeeping foot loves a slipper;
So when cruel fates plan
To put both on one man
How can the poor fellow feel chipper?

Oh! the call of the sea
Has long clamored to me,
And now half of me harks to it only;
But here's one of my feet
That would beat a retreat
To a hearth where two others wait lonely.

Oh! the terrible strain
Of one foot on the main
And the other at home by the ingle!
Faith, this gypsying fling
Isn't quite the right thing
For a fellow, unless he be single.

Oh! the wandering foot
Loves a seven-league boot,
But the homekeeping foot loves a slipper;
So when cruel fates plan
To put both on one man,
How can the poor fellow feel chipper?

—Catholic Standard and Times.

Europe to Brazil in Five Days

THE NEW SHORT ROUTE FROM EUROPE TO SOUTH AMERICA.

THE RACE for South American trade has spurred European capitalists to project a new rail and water line that will land goods on the coast of our southern continent in five days after leaving Europe. This will increase the handicap of North American merchants, of course, and may revive the idea of an all-rail line to South America. The possibility of a shorte route from Europe to South America has been bruited for some time, and at the Algeciras conference it received the favorable attention of King Alfonso and the representatives of the European powers. The present plan, as presented in the Universum (Leipsic), is to be carried out as follows:

"In connection with the trunk system of European lines a road to be known as the 'Ibero-Afro-American Railway' is contemplated. It is intended to cross Spain, and at Gibraltar huge ferryboats will transport trains to the African coast in half an hour. A shore line will be built from Tangier to Bathurst (Dakar), a distance that will require a journey of two days. From the latter point, which is the nearest to South America, fast steamers will carry passengers and freight in three days to the city of Pernambuco. This five-day journey would, therefore, mean a reduction of over a week in time from Mediterranean ports, and more in proportion from northern ports. The cost of the enterprise has been estimated at $140,000,000. A committee formed in Spain and headed by the Marquis de Camarasa proposes that the governments of the countries interested should urge capitalists to take stock with a guaranty of 4 per cent interest.

"Obviously France and England will derive the greatest benefit from this road, as they will be enabled to reach their colonies much quicker while Spain will receive the benefit of an immense international traffic. Germany and Italy, too, would come in closer contact with their countrymen in South America. Morocco, however, would derive the greatest immediate advantage, as a railroad through its vast territory would open its door to European civilization. In its legal aspects the road would be an international line."

Curious Facts About Mexico

THE country which is attracting wide attention now because of the civil war raging in its northern states, especially in Chihuahua, differs from the United States to a degree and in ways that nations seldom do which lie side by side. In many respects, the contrast is complete.

The predominating blood in Mexico is Indian, in point of numbers. Only 19 per cent of the population is white, or nearly so. About 38 per cent is classed as wholly Indian The 43 per cent that is of mixed origin is more Indian than white.

In business, wealth, political power and social station, the white and near-white minority reverses its numerical position. It has not an absolute monopoly of high station and the favored places in the life of the country, but it does not fall far short of getting the best of everything. President Diaz himself is of mixed blood, but the Indian strain is not conspicuous.

Mexico is a country in which the climate is much more a question of altitude than of latitude. The temperature varies with the elevation above the sea and runs in long belts, more or less parallel with the coast lines, rather than across from ocean to ocean.

Unlike many countries of the western hemisphere, Mexico has given the great bulk of its trade to the United States. American commerce and American investors dominate the republic south of the Rio Grande to an extent which no European rival can match or approach. But the Mexicans do not like Americans, broadly speaking, nor do Americans fraternize with their Mexican neighbors.

Mexico has suffered, in some respects from the lure of its own mines, though its mineral wealth has helped greatly to build up its industries and advance its growth and development. If the gold and silver of the country, the copper and the oil, had been less attractive to capital and labor alike the agricultural possibilities of the fertile valleys and coast lands might have been more thoroughly tested and utilized.

As it is, the progress of the country is very uneven. Mexico—the city which is the capital and metropolis of the republic—has been moving ahead at a great pace for many years, while some old cities have nearly stood still. In the coffee and sugar districts, and especially in the Yucatan hemp fields, there have been rapid gains. In the mining regions conditions have been much mixed.

The Mexican standing army has long been much larger, in proportion to the population, than the army of the United States. It has been particularly strong in cavalry, and the rurales, a body of men somewhat analogous to the Canadian mounted police, have been considered the most efficient armed force in the country.

President Diaz, through his long despotic rule, has relied largely on these rough riders to prevent any serious revolt against his government. They were recruited, originally, in part, from the members of outlaw bands that proved easier to buy off than to catch or exterminate.

Now the rurales, although they have seemed to be in the best possible condition, in respect to arms and horses and all their drill and equipment, have failed to crush the revolt in Chihuahua, even with the help of strong bodies of regular troops, infantry and artillery as well as cavalry. The military machine upon which the Diaz government has spent much money and labor has not done the work expected.

In other respects there are sharp contrasts between theory and fact, in Mexico. The laws provide for free and compulsory education, but the great bulk of the population can neither read nor write, and only a small part of the children of school age are in school.

The worst difference between what is supposed by the law and the constitution to take place and what actually happens is found in the elections and the conduct of the government. Manhood suffrage is decreed by the organic law of the republic, but only a handful of votes are cast and counted in national elections. Diaz has been a dictator far more powerful and much less restrained by any legislative body or by the constitution, than most of the sovereigns of Europe.

This is the chief complaint of the revolutionists. It is the difference between theoretical popular government and actual despotism which gives their cause most of its support and strength.

Largest Cities in the World

THE returns from the census taken in Germany, last December, show how unfair it is to some of the fast-growing cities in Europe as well as to several of the leading centers of population in the United States, to consider nothing more than the area inside the boundaries of municipalities, in reckoning their size and their relative progress. Berlin suffers as much from such narrow use of statistics as Boston, in respect to the growth of the last few years.

A few weeks ago the United States Census Bureau gave out a statement of the population of the ten largest cities in the world, stating also the date of the enumeration or estimate used in making up the table. It placed Berlin sixth in order of size and put the population of the German metropolis at 2,101,933, in 1908.

Now it appears by the census taken less than two months ago that Greater Berlin had 3,712,554 residents at that time. In five years the real Berlin, including suburbs which are built as parts of the German capital, though having separate municipal governments, had gained about 507,000 inhabitants. Berlin itself, counting only the territory within the city limits, showed an increase of only 24,000 in the same period—not quite 5,000 a year against more than 101,000 annually in Greater Berlin.

Giving Berlin and all other cities in the American Census Bureau's list of the ten ranking highest in the world, credit for their real size and the population which can fairly be counted in each of these urban centers, the true order in which they stand is this—London, New York, Berlin, Paris, Tokyo, Chicago, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Philadelphia, Moscow. This takes no account of Canton and one or two other Chinese cities, which may possibly be as large as Moscow and Philadelphia but probably fall considerably short of even the ancient Russian city which is now growing very fast.

London was put down in the government table as having 7,429,740 inhabitants in 1909. Those figures refer to Greater London, a vast metropolitan district which probably contains 7,700,000 residents now.

New York is credited by the Census Bureau with 4,766,833 residents in 1910, but that number does not include any of the New Jersey suburbs which are really parts of the American metropolis, or towns like Yonkers, which have nothing but artificial, law-made boundaries to separate them from New York. The true Greater New York, ignoring state limits, has fully 6,000,000 inhabitants, perhaps 6,400,000.

Berlin, as has been stated, is not a city of 2,064,153 residents, as the census last December would lead one to suppose, but contains about 3,730,000 inhabitants today—Greater Berlin, of course.

Paris is really the fourth city of the world instead of the third, and a fair estimate of Greater Paris now is about 3,100,000. The latest official figures are 2,763,393, in 1906. Several large suburbs close to the municipal boundaries were not included, and the growth of the last five years has been steady and rapid.

Tokyo is credited by the Census Bureau with having a population of 2,186,079 in 1908. The growth of the last three years and the population of suburbs not included in the official statistics would probably lift that total to 2,500,000.

Chicago had 2,185,283 residents last April. With various contiguous suburbs added to the city's population, the total for greater Chicago could hardly fall below 2,350,000.

The United States Census Bureau's list puts the population of Vienna at 2,085,888, in 1909. The census taken last fall showed little growth, for so big a city, in the years immediately preceding, but the population of Greater Vienna is probably not less than 2,200,000.

St. Petersburg had 1,678,000 residents in 1905. In the years since that date the growth of the Russian metropolis has been rapid, and it may be that the Czar's capital contains 2,000,000 people now.

Philadelphia, credited with 1,549,008 residents last spring, is deprived of 100,000 by the state boundary line which cuts off New Jersey suburbs. Adding to the official total the growth of nearly a year and the immediate suburbs on both sides of the Delaware, the Pennsylvania city would have about 1,750,000 population.

Moscow, growing at a great rate, had 1,359,254 inhabitants in 1907. Its large gains and its contiguous suburbs would carry it up to a total of 1,600,000, in all probability, if Greater Moscow were counted now.

So it seems that England has the largest city, the United States the second, Germany the third, France the fourth, Japan the fifth, the United States the sixth, Austria the seventh, Russia the eighth, the United States the ninth and Russia the tenth.

A Kansas Town's Boast.

Various are the boasts when cities advertise. Population, railways, factories, homes, bank clearings, parks, and boulevards, opportunities for the young man and the inducements offered to capital are the most popular topics from a long list. But no longer is it possible to make a lasting impression with no material other than the statistics on these staples of argument, so the city boosters are beginning to hunt for facts that are more distinctive. One of the most successful communities in this search is Winfield, Kansas. "Watch Winfield Win" or "Ask for the Athens of Southern Kansas" won't do for this town's catch line. Winfield challenges public attention with this boast:

"More bath tubs and sleeping porches than any town in Kansas!"

For brevity, the slogan reads, "A fresh air city," but the corollaries are many. One is that dust in the air carries germs; hence, Winfield treats its pavements with crude oil. The house-fly is another peril of the air, hence Winfield swats the fly with Kansas vigor. Bat htubs and sleeping porches, with their sisters and their cousins and their aunts, stand for happiness and morality as well as for the blessings that may be estimated in tons and gallons and dollars.

—Editorial in Collier's for Dec. 17.

Winter Heavens.

Sharp is the night, but stars with frost alive
Leap off the rim of earth across the dome.
It is a night to make the heavens our home
More than the nest whereto apace we strive.
Lengths down our road each fir tree seems a hive.
It swarms outrushing from the golden comb.
They waken waves of thought that burst to foam;
The living throb in me, the dead revive.
Yon mantle clothes us; there, past mortal breath,
Life glistens on the river of the death.
It folds us, flesh and dust; and have we knelt,
Or never knelt, or eyed as kine the springs
Of radiance, the radiance enrings:
And this is the soul's haven to have felt. —George Meredith.

An Important Point.

Youth's Companion.

When Mrs. Follett returned from her month's visit to her old home, Mr. Follett was unfeignedly delighted to have her back. It was when supper was over and she was clearing the dishes from the table that Mr. Follett unlocked his desk and taking from it a sheet of paper much creased and none too fair, said: "Jane, I've got a poem here that I worked on most of the time while you were away. It's dedicated to you, and it's called 'How I Miss You.' Now I'll read it to you."

There was a glow in Mrs. Follett's face and a warmth around her heart as she listened to the poem. Its halting measure and halting rhymes sounded sweet in her ears—but she was a practical soul.

"That's real pretty and I want it preserved," she said, when the poem was finished, "but there's on thing I notice; you tell how you miss me, but you don't say when. If you's to make it real truthful, same as folks do the story books, nowadays, wouldn't you slip in a verse indicating that the times you missed me most came when you were cooking your meals, washing the dishes and trying to find a whole pair o' socks—not when you were sitting on the porch with Eb Hobbs and Si Jennings?"

Place de Greve.

London Chronicle.

France has no need to borrow the word "strike" from us, as Germany has done. Her own word "greve" is simple enough, and has even more history packed away in it than "boycott." For "greve" originaly meant a beach or strand. Thence the Place de Greve, in Paris, took its name. And although the Seine no longer washes the edge of that open space, and the name of the place has been changed to Place de l'Hotel de Ville, its memory survives for the etymologist, if not for the striker, in the modern word for a labor strike. The Place de Greve was the favorite place of assembly for workmen out of work, even on holidays. And so "faire greve" came to mean strike. It is just as if our Strand had been the regular place to find the out-of-work in. We might have been calling a strike a "strand" today.

MARSAN

A ROMANCE OF THE MIDI

BY BURTON E. STEVENSON

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CHAPTER XIII.

The Wheel Turns.

With quivering nerves I dragged Fronsac back into the shadow of the wall. I was certain that Roquefort had seen us, but as the minutes passed and he made no sign, I remembered that looking down into darkness is a very different thing to looking up into light. So at last I stood watching him without fear of discovery.

He was talking to Mademoiselle Valerie with great earnestness, and while I could see repulsion swaying her from him, there was some wizardry in his words or manner that chained her to the spot. Her face was turned away from him, but he spoke with accompaniment of look and gesture as though she were returning his intent gaze. What was he explaining?—some devilry, no doubt! And I remembered that when he left her side we must devise some way of getting to her. As I stood there staring up at them a thought leaped to life in my brain that set my nerves a-quiver—why could we not surprise him there at her side and hurl him over the battlement? Then would Claire, too, be released from danger.

But how to gain the parapet? I saw that it ran along a structure that stretched from the great east tower to a smaller one on the north. Perhaps from the tower there was a door that opened upon it.

But Fronsac of a sudden caught my arm.

"Look!" he cried between his teeth. "God's blood! Look!"

I looked and saw Mademoiselle start from her companion in anger, stung by his words; but he caught her arm almost eifrcely, and drew her to him. I could see the white face she turned to right and left.

"I will end it," said Fronsac, and stepped from the shadow, musket to shoulder.

But I sprang after him and pulled it down.

"Not that!" I cried. "Not that! That would ruin everything! The garrison would be upon us in a moment!"

He looked at me with working face.

"What then?" he asked. "Quick, Marsan, what then?"

"We must surprise him," I said. "We must gain the parapet. I too have an account to settle with that scoundrel!"

"But how?" he demanded. "Quick!"

"The tower!" I cried.

He hastened after me back to the door. I took care to lock it behind us—at least, we would be secure against surprise from that direction. Then we sped up the stair—up and up. At last, peering from one of the narrow windows, I saw we were on a level with the parapet, but there was no door—only the solid wall of stone.

Fronsac was cursing softly to himself.

"You should have let me end it down below!" he cried. "Now we shall be too late!"

"Come, there must be some way," I muttered in perplexity. But a cry of joy burst from Fronsac as we gained the lower floor.

"There is a door!" he said.

And, sure enough, there it was—a little door of oak, set firmly in the masonry. I held the torch near it and examined it intently.

"Well, we must pause here," I said at last. "unless, by chance, Drouet carried a key to this also. Let us see."

I ran rapidly through the bunch I had taken from him, trying one after another, but not one would throw back the bolt.

"Come, let us go down again," cried Fronsac. "I have still the musket," and he started down the stair.

I caught at the door and pulled at it saveagely. It swung open in my hand.

Then I saw what fools we had been. Small wonder none of our keys would throw the bolt, since it was already thrown! Roquefort must have passed that way to gain the parapet. Then he must still be there! And my heart was beating savagely as we stole through the door and up a short flight of steps. In a moment I saw the stars above me and felt the fresh air of the night upon my face.

Darkness had come in earnest, and even here, high on the parapet, there was only the dim light of the stars. I feared that the first turn we should run into a sentry, but we had no time to waste in hesitation.

"Do not fire!" I cautioned Fronsac. "What we do must be done silently," and gripping my poinard—Drouet's poniard—tightly, I stepped out. For a moment I could see nothing, and then, away in front of us, I caught a glimpse of two dim figures.

Fronsac saw them in the same instant, and would have sprung forward but that I held him back.

"Softly," I whispered. "Softly. We must surprise him, or he will outwit us yet. Give him an instant's warning and he might hold us off till aid arrived. We must take no chances."

"As you will," he answered sullenly, and I saw he was hot to be at Roquefort as I was.

I crouched low in the shadow of the battlement, and, motioning Fronsac to follow, stole slowly forward. As we drew near I saw that Roquefort still held the girl by the arm.

"You will listen to reason," he was saying roughly. "Not tomorrow but the next day shall you be wedded. I will provide the man—and while he may not be a beauty, I am sure he will love you as you deserve. There is no way out, Mademoiselle, I swear it. I am not like to permit such a pretty bird to slip through my fingers."

She was looking at him now with defiant eyes. It was easy to see that

"THE GREATEST KIDNEY REMEDY ON EARTH" SAYS A GRATEFUL WOMAN

I want to tell you how much good your Swamp-Root did me. About four years ago, I suffered from what the doctors called fistula and for two years of that time, I endured what no tongue can tell. I also had inflammation of the bladder and I tried doctors medicines without receiving any help. Someone told me about Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root.

After giving it a through trial, I received relief, so kept on using it and today I am a strong and well woman. If I ever feel badly or out of sorts, I take Swamp-Root and it always straightens me out. I honestly believe that this medicine would cure all troubles you recommend it for and it a pleasure for me to send my testimonial and photograph to you. I think Dr. Kilber's Swamp-Root is one of the greatest medicines on earth.

Respectfully yours,
MRS. JOHN BAILEY,
Portland, Ind.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 12th day of July, 1909.
C. A. BENNETT,
Notary Public.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention the Toledo Weekly Blade. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

the spirit of M. le Comte lived in her also.

"You are wasting words, Monsieur," she said quite coldly. "I have already told you my determination," and she made a little gesture towards the cliff. "A leap and it is over. Think you I should hesitate when I knew that on the other side lay a life of infamy? You do not know me, Monsieur!"

Roquefort laughed harshly.

"'Tis easy said, but not so easy done," he retorted. "Death is not pleasant when one looks it in the face. Besides, I shall take care of you. I shall see that this pretty flesh be not wasted in such a way. Some man must have it to wife first!"

I heard a low cry of rage behind me, and Fronsac leaped past me and upon this libertine. I saw Roquefort wheel sharp round at the sound of foot-steps, but Fronsac was upon him ere he could draw his sword. The musket flashed in the air, but the other stepped lightly to one side and the blow fell harmless. Then I was upon him too.

Oh, but he was a man!—a match for both of us almost. I struck at his throat to drown the cry I knew would come, but he caught my wrist and held it in a grasp of iron. I felt him turning the point towards my breast, and struck madly at his face; then Fronsac's musket rose again, there was a sickening blow, and his grip upon my wrist relaxed. For a breath he stood staring wildly into my eyes, then slipped limply down at my feet upon the parpet.

"He is done!" panted Fronsac. "Curse him! He is done!"

"Yes," I said. "Yes," and looked down at him.

But my friend had turned towards the figure which stood sobbing softly against the wall.

"Valerie!" he called, and I saw her sway forward into his arms with a little answering cry. No more I saw, for I turned my back, as I would have others do when I meet my love after long absence and many perils. Yet I could spare them but a moment.

"We must go," I said, and touched Fronsac gently on the arm. "Come, Monsieur. For love you have a hundred tomorrows, but for escape only tonight."

He swung around upon me, and I could see how his eyes were shining

"Marsan," he said out of a full heart, "I want you to know Mademoiselle de Cadillac—I must tell her how much we owe you.'"

I looked into her eyes and saw love and joy flaming there. Verily, it was a good thing to have brought these two together'

"Valerie," he added, "it is Marsan here who has saved us—who has devised this wonderful plan of escape—"

"It was not I at all, Mademoiselle," I protested, but she silenced me with a little gesture.

"There!" she cried, and it was wonderful to see how fatigue and fear had slipped from her. "I quite know what to believe, M. le Marsan! Some time, perhaps, we may find a way to repay you."

I bowed over the hand she gave me. Had I not known another, I might have found it in my heart to envy Fronsac.

"And I," I said, "am happy in this chance to serve you. Besides, we have not yet escaped—we are not yet at the end of the journey. It is foolish to linger here. We must be going."

"True," said the girl, and came suddenly back to earth. "Lead on, Monsieur. We will follow."

As we turned, I heard a groan at my feet.

"So he is not yet dead," muttered Fronsac between his teeth, and picked up his musket for another blow. "Well, we will finish it."

But I caught his arm and held it back.

"No, no," I protested. "Not that. He is not a man to kill here like a dog. Let us find some other way."

"What other way can there be?" demanded my friend impatiently.

"We must not leave him lying here for the sentries to stumble over," I said. "We must conceal him somewhere."

"Well?" and Fronsac made a gesture towards the battlement. "The cliff will settle all that."

But again I shook my head. He was worthy a better fate. Besides, to kill a wounded man——

"Let us take him with us down into the tower," I said at last. "They will not find him there, and we can still end it should there be need."

"As you will," assented Fronsac shortly, and we caught him by leg and shoulder and staggered towards the stair that led downward to the tower door. As we stumbled forward I tried in vain to pierce the gloom before us.

"Softly," I whispered. "There is a sentry at either end of the parapet."

"Not tonight," said Mademoiselle quickly. "I heard M. le Duc dismiss them just before he came to me."

I breathed more freely. Certainly Roquefort would not wish to be overheard, yet still this was an unexpected bit of fortune.

Down the stair we tugged him and through the little door, which I locked carefully behind us. We propped our burden in one corner with his back against the wall. He was breathing deeply, with a hoarse, guttural sound, which I felt certain was the death-rattle. There was nothing we could do for him and we went on down the tower stair, bearing the torch with us. At the foot another narrower flight plunged down it, the others following without question. Down and down it went—at what a cost of labor must it have been constructed! At last I was stopped by a little door set in the rock. A coil of rope lay before it.

Fronsac gazed a moment at rope and door, then up into my eyes.

"I begin to understand," he said. "But can we open that door, my friend?"

"We must," I answered. "There is no other way."

But I confess my heart fell as I examined it more closely, for it seemed as strong as the cliff itself. A dozen bolts, seemingly buried in the very heart of the oak, held it to the rock. I could catch a glimpse of them as I pressed my torch to the crevice between wood and stone, and I could see how heavy they were. But to move them—to throw then back. I tried all the keys on Drouet's ring; not one of them would serve. I battered at the door with the musket, but could not even shake it. The sweat broke out across my forehead at the thought that this might be the end. I looked up and saw Fronsac watching me with a face from which he tried in vain to banish his concern.

"We have still at least four hours," I said, with what cheerfulness I could muster, and turned back again to the door.

Could I but cut the wood away, I might yet throw back the bolts with the end of my poniard. I hacked at it fiercely. It seemed hard as iron and I could tear away but a splinter at a time. At the end of half an hour I had made little progress.

I paused a moment to take breath.

"The watches are not changed till midnight," I said, seeing Fronsac's despairing face and that of Mademoiselle. "We have near four hours yet, my friend."

But as I turned again to the task, a sudden clatter reached us from the hall above as of some one pounding on the tower door. I understood in an instant, and was up the stair in three bounds.

"This way, men!" shouted a hoarse voice. "This way! Rescue!"

I sprang blindly forward, groped an instant in the darkness, and dragged Roquefort back from the door, cursing my folly at leaving him unbound.

For from the court came an answering shout, a rush of feet, and the wood groaned under a great blow.

CHAPTER IV.
The Door in the Cliff.

"Back! Back!" I cried to Fronsac, who appeared at the stair-head, bearing the torch, and I followed down close at his heels, dragging Roquefort after me, cursing and striking at me madly with his fists, but too weakened by his wound to do any great damage. In two strides we were at the bottom.

"Your sarf!" I called to Fronsac, and snatched it from him. "Now help me here," and we twisted Roquefort's arms behind him like a baby's and lashed them tight together. Then I set him down on the lowest step—a horrible sight, the blood caked in his hair and about his face, driveling, cursing, half conscious. I could guess what an effort it had cost him to drag himself down the stair and give the alarm, and I found myself beginning to admire him.

I turned again to the door in an agony of despair. To be caught here like rats in a trap, with success so near! But to penetrate this door! I saw Fronsac draw Mademoiselle to him and hold her close against his breast. They had abandoned hope, then! I looked at Roquefort with fiery eyes, hating him suddenly with a white hate.

"At least," I said between my teeth, "you will be dead long ere they reach us here. That shall be your reward for calling them. I swear that, assassin!"

He seemed to understand, and glared at me fiercely.

"This way! Rescue!" he shouted hoarsely. His voice was drowned in this cavern where we were, but as if in answer there came another great crash upon the tower door above us.

It seemed for a moment that Roquefort's scoundrels must be tumbling down the stair upon us. But the door held, and as I remembered how strongly it was built, I knew it would be no little task to break it through. The crash was repeated as we stood there listening—then a third time. I fancied I could hear the door splitting under this determined onslaught. Fronsac and Mademoiselle had forgotten all the world except each other. He strained her to him and stood looking down into her eyes, drinking in all the love they revealed to him unquestioningly in this last, desperate moment, whose terror banished coquetry. Had I Claire so, I too might have been content to die. Again came the crash upon the door and again my eyes sought Roquefort's face.

And then in an instant I remembered! What a fool I had been not to think of it before! Pray Heaven it was not already too late! The keys.

I sprang upon him mercilless as a wolf, and with savage hands tore his doublet from his breast. He seemed to understand what I was after, and spat at me like some mad thing and tried to throw me off, then sank back exhausted, his lips white with froth.

In a moment my fingers had found a chain about his neck. I dragged it forth, and at the end were two keys. So the fox had kept always by him a secret means of escape from his den should the other fail him! I lifted the chain from his neck and the keys were mine. For a breath my hands were trembling so I could scarce hold them, but I gripped my manhood back to me and turned to the door. Were they the keys? They must be! I fitted them to the holes—they slipped in easily—the bolts flew back—the door opened.

A stream of cold air rushed in upon us and I could see again the sweet stars in the deep heaven. The cliff dropped sheer away beneath us. I could see no semblance of foothold, no trace of the steps I had thought were there; yet the descent must be made. I knotted one end of the line tight to the heaviest bolt, then turned to the two who were still lost in each other.

"Come, Mademoiselle," I said gently, "you must go first."

"Go!" cried Fronsac, waking as from a dream. "Go wither, Marsan?"

I pointed to the open door—the rope.

"And you have opened it?" he asked, amazed. "What witchcraft!"

"We must hasten," I said. "They are preparing some surprise for us over our heads yonder. Come. We will knot one end of this rope so that Mademoiselle can place her feet in it. Then, standing erect and steadying herself by holding to the rope, we will lower her quite safely to the ground."

I had made the loop even as I was speaking, and threw it a little over the cliff edge.

"Come, Mademoiselle," I said again.

But she drew back with a shuddering cry as she saw the abyss that yawned before her.

"Oh, no!" she cried. "Not that! That is too fearful! I can never do that!"

It was not a time for soft words. Our lives could not be sacrificed to a woman's nerves, and I steeled my heart.

"Mademoiselle," I said, "you are holding all our lives in your hand. In a moment a crowd of ruffians will be through that door up yonder—then it will be too late! No daughter of the Comte de Cadillac could be a coward!"

"Marsen!" cried Fronsac, "you go too far!"

"No," she said quite calmly, "M. de Marsan is right! I thank him for his frankness. No daughter of the Comte de Cadillac could be a coward! I am ready, Monsieur!"

My heart warmed with admiration of her as she advanced quite steadily to the cliff's edge, sat down without shrinking, and adjusted her feet within the loop.

"That is good," I said. "There is no danger whatever, Mademoiselle, so long as you hold the rope firmly and keep your face to the rock. Come, my friend."

I could see her shudder as we swung her out over the abyss, and I admit that my own nerves were not wholly steady, but she held tightly to the rope and in an instant was out of sight. Down and down we lowered her slowly and carefully, I keeping an eye on Roquefort, meanwhile, to see that he essayed no mischief. But he sat quite still on the step where I had placed him, seemingly only half-conscious, and watched us with bloodshot eyes. Yet I was certain that some catastrophe was hanging over us. There had been an ominous silence for some moments at the tower door, but I know that his men would not abandon him so tamely. What trick they were preparing I could not even guess, but at last the weight lifted from the rope, and we knew that Mademoiselle, at least, was safely down.

"What next, my friend?" asked Fronsac. "What of him?" and he glanced at Roquefort. "Has he not lived long enough?"

I looked at him as he sat drivelling there. Yet I had thought never to kill a man but in a fair fight. And on the instant a sudden inspiration flashed into my brain.

"I have it!" I cried. "We will lower him down the cliff! We will take him prisoner to M. le Comte to deal with as he chooses! There would be a vengeance for you!"

I could see the dare-devil in Fronsac take fire at the words. In a moment he had pulled up the rope, and we were knotting it under Roquefort's arms. He resisted vaguely, weakly, like a drunken man, but we dragged him to the edge and pushed him over. He cried out hoarsely as he fell, and I thought for a breath that his weight would drag us over with him, but the rope caught in a crevice of the rock and gave us time to brace ourselves. Then we lowered him rapidly, rasping and scraping against the cliff, but there was no time to think of that. At last the rope hung taut.

"Your next, my friend," I said to Fronsac on the instant. He would have protested, but I pushed him to the edge. "Hasten. Think who awaits you below."

Without a word he let himself carefully over the edge. I could see the rope quivering under the double weight, and noted with anxious eyes how it chafed against the edge of the rock. The moments passed, and at last I saw that he too was down.

I stooped to test the rope where the rock had chafed it, when there came a sudden hideous roar from overhead, a crash of splitting timbers—they had fired a petard against the door—had blown it down—I understood now the reason of their silence!

There was no time to hesitate. I caught the rope and threw myself over the cliff. My knees scraped against the rock, the rope burned deep into my fingers, still smarting from the dagger-cut. But I held fast, praying that they might not see the rope for yet a moment—yet a moment—yet a moment!

Some one tugged at it from above, then it suddenly gave way. I felt myself falling—I grasped at the cliff—I seemed to choke—and the world turned black about me.

(To be continued.)

HEREDITY

Can Be Overcome in Cases.

The influence of heredity cannot, of course, be successfully disputed, but it can be minimized or entirely overcome in some cases by correct food and drink. A Conn. lady says:

"For years while I was a coffee drinker I suffered from bilious attacks of great severity, from which I used to emerge as white as a ghost and very weak. Our family physician gave me various prescriptions for improving the digestion and stimulating the liver, which I tried faithfully but without perceptible result.

"He was acquainted with my family history for several generations back, and once when I visited him he said: 'If you have inherited one of those torpid livers you may always suffer more or less from its inaction. We can't dodge our inheritance, you know.'

"I was not so strong a believer in heredity as he was, however, and, beginning to think for myself, I concluded to stop drinking coffee and see what effect that would have. I feared it would be a severe trial to give it up, but when I took Postum and had it well made, it completely filled my need for a hot beverage and I grew very fond of it.

"I have used Postum for three years, using no medicine. During all that time I have had absolutely none of the bilious attacks that I used to suffer from, and I have been entirely free from the pain and debilitating effects that used to result from them.

"The change is surely very great, and I am compelled to give Postum the exclusive credit for it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Hog Cholera

WHY LET HOGS DIE OF CHOLERA

The Snoddy Remedy will stop the disease and save the sick hogs and stop further developments of the disease on those not yet sick. It is also the greatest worm exterminater and thrift producer on the market.

Snoddy's free booklet, which explains the whole method of saving diseased hogs or keeping well hogs clear of worms and thrifty will be sent free by return mail to any person who will send his name and address to the Snoddy Remedy Co., Sta. T., Alton, Ill.

A MONEY-MAKER

By request, The Shenandoah Pure Seed Co., of Shenandoah, Iowa, will mail every reader of this paper their big illustrated Seed Catalogue free, who are interested in the seeds they plant and crops they grow. It's a dandy seed book and worth its weight in gold to those interested in the crops they plant and grow. The correct address is The Shenandoah Pure Seed Co., 303 Lowell Ave., Shenandoah, Iowa. Write direct to them and it will go by first mail.

The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answer possible.

Will some reader of The Blade kindley tell me how to dehorn calves one week old?—H., Stratton, Nebr.

Will some reader of these columns tell me how to burn out any kind of stumps together with their roots?—S., St. Maries, Idaho.

I wish to move some apple trees to another section of my farm. They were set out one year ago. Please tell me whether or not I can move them at this time of the year with safety when the weather is warm. If I should put lime on the ground around the trees will it keep grubs from killing them? Will manure make the trees grow fast?—A., Bennsboro, W. Va.

A horse belonging to me was afflicted with saddle gall during the warm days last fall when the flies were bad. and, having no good remedy at hand, I applied axle grease to the sore spot. It afforded protection from the flies, and afterwards, with the use of other remedies, the gall was healed. Can anyone tell me how to remove the axle grease from the spot on the horse without removing the hair? Also I would like to learn how to remove rust from the steel blade of a saw.—P., Poner, Mont.

I would like to have some reader tell me how to raise peanuts.—D., Lake, Mich.

I have a two-year-old colt that is in good health with the exception that she has a large number of worbels on her back and shoulders. I have pressed some of them and they resemble those that grow on the backs of cattle. Will some one please tell me the cause of them and the remedy?—M., West Union, W. Va.

BLIGHT ON PEAR TREES

C., Buchanan, Va.—Here is a remedy for blight on pear trees: Put a half bushel of salt on the ground for six or eight feet around each tree two or three times during the summer, or as soon as it is warm enough for the salt to dissolve and go to the roots. It will stop the blight and make the trees thrifty.—S., Gaines, Mich.

SWELLING ON JAW

M., Sowers, Va.—I think your cow has lump jaw in the first stage. Rub the parts with a corncob and apply butter antamona with a stiff feather. Repeat in three days. Care must be taken to apply sparingly on the raw spots. On the sixth day apply castor oil. Repeat the oiling if the parts become dry. I would not recommend the using of the milk until the dump has disappeared.—F., Ione, N. M.

KIDNEY WORMS

S., Pulaski, Ky.—I have cured my sows of kidney worms by the following method. If she is down roll her on her back and pour one pint of homemade soft soap into her throat. Thin the soap with soft water so that it will run. On the third day repeat the dose, and so on. Three doses should cure.—D., Huntington, Ind.

TO REMOVE WOLF TEETH

A., Townsville, Pa.—Wolf teeth are two small teeth found in the upper jaw in front of the grinders, one on each side. Their presence affect the eyes, causing them to run and look dull. In some cases they interfere with the eating. They can be removed by putting a twitch on the horse's nose and pulling them with wolf teeth forceps.

TELLS OF EARLY APPLES

U. S. Bulletin Relates Extension of Industry.

On nearly every farm summer apples have had a place since very early days, and varieties have been developed extending the season of apple production over the entire summer, as well as autumn. While as a rule this fruit has been grown for family consumption, the surplus has found its way to market.

Seeds Grown in Ice.

stimulated the enterprise, which has its center in the truck-producing region near Philadelphia.

The United States Department of Agriculture, as a result of this extension, has made a study of the early-apple industry, with the Middle Atlantic states as a field, and published the information collected in a bulletin entitled "Summer Apples in the Middle Atlantic States," issued by the bureau of plant industry. This bulletin is a compendium of information

The marked decline in the production of peaches within the past few years has brought about a considerable extension of the early apple industry on a commercial scale, which extension has been most marked in the Middle Atlantic states. where especially advantageous transportation routes, both rail and water, and the proximity of large markets have covering all phases of the question of early apple production, including soils, climate culture, picking, packing, marketing, etc. Numerous varieties are described, and seasons and other data conveniently presented in tabular form.

Farm Hints for Women

After peeling apples drop them into cold water. This will prevent their becoming discolored.

Hang a shoe brush up in front of the iron scraper, and try to get the men in the habit of using it to take off the mud the scraper leaves.

Washing lamp chimneys by immersing them in water often makes them brittle. A safer way to clean them is to hold them for a few minutes over a steaming kettle. Then polish them briskly with a soft cloth.

One of the rewards of wide reading is the broadened outlook it gives one on life. The well told experiences of others seem to become a part of your own and hardly distinguishable from them in the memory.

A small square of blanket folded over and sewed up, leaving one end open, makes an effective foot warmer for any one troubled with cold feet, and will add greatly to one's comfort these cold nights. This is more convenient and satisfactory than the usual hot-water bottle.

TO STUDY FARM ON THEIR HONEYMOON

St. Paul, Feb. 9.—The "back to the farm" slogan was emphasized here today when Mr. and Mrs. Albert Schauland, or Holyoke, Minn., newlyweds, decided to spend their honeymoon at the state agricultural college learning the things farmers need to know instead of taking a trip.

The couple will be known at the college as students number 103 and 104, and will devote six weeks to the short course in up-to-date farming, while enjoying their first taste of matrimonial bliss.

Make Study Practical.

"Hubby" will make a specialty of the farm machinery course and between spoons "wifey" will endeavor to get all she can out of the domestic science and economical farm work department for women.

After completing their unique six weeks' honeymoon the couple intend to purchase a small dairy farm and retire to the peace and quiet of the country, where everything is milk and honey. Both have lived in the city for years, but accumulated a rudimentary education in farming methods while children on the "old farm," and both yearn for the pleasures of the green pastures again after a considerable period of the city smoke, dust, noise and clatter.

Strong for Dairying.

"I shall make a specialty of dairying," said the husband, "and will not install any automatic milking machines, either. My fingers are strong and willing and I guess Emma, after she gets through with our honeymoon, will be able to help me out in taking care of calves and maybe milk a little, too, in a pinch.

"City life is all right, but give me the freedom of the country, with its fresh, pure air, clear skies and warbling birds. You don't have to have much on a farm to make a living. A few cows and pigs, some chickens and a bit of ground to sow and reap will make a man contented and happy and his household likewise. I didn't use to think so, but my ideas have changed."

HOW TO BUY VEHICLES

Buy direct—when you can, and by so doing avoid the profits of middlemen. This means that you are then buying the best with the least amount of money. You buy direct, you are really making what you save, and what is saved is made.

Twenty-five years of continued success in selling direct and hundreds of thousands of users of Murray vehicles have made The W. H. Murray Mfg. Co. prominent in the vehicle industry.

They sell direct—on trial, guarantee their product and guarantee safe delivery. If goods are not as represented, every cent of money paid them is refunded on return of the goods.

They will send you a catalog free, without any obligation on your part and will explain everything to you.

Mail postal card NOW for ther catalog to THE W. H. MURRAY MFG. CO., 321 E. Fifth street, Cincinnati, O.

SUGGESTION FOR THE POULTRY YARD

If you use wet mashes let the water be warm.

A corn-sheller is not an essential. The hens will do their own shelling if you throw out the ears in short, broken pieces.

Do not give eggs to an early broody hen until she is surely broody, as hens, like the weather, at this season of the year, are rather changeable.

The sooner people divest themselves of the idea that they must be always dosing chickens with medicine the sooner will they be enabled to breed a hardy race of fowls, that are roup and cholera proof.

See that the nest of the early sitter is airtight. This can be accomplished by placing a sheet of heavy paper in the bottom. Sprinkle the paper well with coal oil to discourage lice, and use plenty of straw.

Don't trust the feeding and watering of the chickens entirely to the children. Keep in touch with the feeding and the condition of the houses as well. A child can not be expected to note the first signs of trouble.

Take a few of your best layers out of the main house and keep them in a place by themselves with the best male bird you can get. The eggs from these hens will be your stock for the chicks that are to be. Get up a little higher this year.

Say, the hens will cackle thanks for those small potatoes. Just boil them and mix with meal or bran. If scraps of meat or soup bones are boiled with the potatoes the biddies like the flavor better, and there will be money in your pocket.

Free to Suffering Women

I will mail Free a Combination Home Treatment to all writing me and who suffer in any way from Luecorrhoea, Painful or Irregular Menses, Displacements, Womb Trouble, Growths, Tumors, Ulcers, or any disease peculiar to our sex.

It cured me, and I feel it my duty to mail one Combination Treatment Free to every suffering sister. If you wish more you can get it for a few cents per week.

The Free Treatment I send has cured many and may cure you. Send now, this minute, you will not see this ad again. Address Mrs. M. Dickey, Knoxville, Tenn.

WILD DUCK REFUGE

San Rafael Cor. San Francisco Call.

Filled with compassion for the hundreds of starving ducks that lie helpless on the Marin shore from the effects of crude oil dumped in the bay, Town Recorder Herbert de la Montanya has converted his home into a refuge for the birds. His friends are bringing them to him by the score and De la Montanya spends his spare moments cleaning the oil from their feathers with hot water and wood ashes.

Aided by his three sons, he has built coops for his feathered patients. His artistic country estate has taken on the appearance of a duck ranch. In one portion of the enclosure the town recorder has erected a shed which serves as a receiving hospital for the ducks.

The feathers of the birds are glued to their sides from the thick coating of oil. Recorder de la Montanya places the birds on an improvised operating table and scrubs them with ashes and water. When the oil is removed he gives them a good feed and places them in a coop.

The free duck hospital is divided into wards, ducks being housed together according to their species. Canvasbacks, teal, widgeon, bluebills, each have their special department. When the ducks are fat and well again De la Montanya will turn them loose in San Pablo Bay for the good of the sport.

FOR SALE---SEEDLESS APPLE TREES

No Seeds! No Cores! No Waste!

Reliable salesmen wanted. Write for printed matter. THE BUCKEYE APPLE NURSERY CO., DEPT. B, TOLEDO, OHIO.

WORLD'S GREATEST POULTRY MAN FINDS PROFIT IN EGGS

A man rented an abandoned poultry farm at Mount Royal, N. J., in March, 1904. He believed there was money in raising chickens. There was nothing unique in this idea. The man who had had the farm before him had believed the same and "gone broke." But this second man had some notions and he had the stick-to-it-iveness which is the secret of most successes. Today, less than seven years later, he has the largest poultry plant in the world.

Joel M. Foster, the man who has done this thing, went into the business because he believed there was money in it and because it afforded a congenial outdoor life. He has won success rather by "perspiration" than by "inspiration." Don't imagine that it was all smooth sailing. He had about as much discouragement at first as it is possible to imagine. He started with 100 adult chickens, which he kept in the houses built by his unsuccessful predecessor. His object was to raise "broilers" for market.

Some Setbacks.

At the end of the first season he had marketed 4,000 birds at a loss of $680. He had done all the work himself and had been at it so constantly that he was away from the farm only a few hours during the whole year. Although a little daunted at the balance on the wrong side of the ledger, he was not entirely discouraged. By January of the next year he had 1,400 birds in his brooder house when the building and its contents went up in flames. Still undiscouraged, he set about building another house, and by March it was completed and stocked with chickens. He was more than ever determined upon success.

But again fate interfered. He awoke one morning to find that more than 700 of the birds had been killed by rats, which had made a descent from a near-by dilapidated wharf. The few chickens remaining were carried into the dwelling and placed in the kitchen and sitting room and even the parlor, to remain there until a cement floor had been laid in the chicken house. The season closed with a heavy financial loss.

Turns to Raising Eggs.

The situation was then scrutinized in the light of the years of sad experience. The decision was quickly reached to abandon the business unless it gave pretty positive promise of something better. Several weeks were spent in visiting the most successful poultry farms in the eastern part of the United States. The one outstanding, undeniable fact which was learned from this trip was that the profitable poultry plants made their money from producing eggs and not from broilers. It was discovered that the underlying error had been killing the hen that lays the golden egg, selling a bird for half a dollar that could produce several dollars' worth of eggs in one year.

No time was lost in changing the farm from a broiler factory to an egg factory. A new location was considered a requisite and Brown's Mills-in-the-Pines, 32 miles east of Camden, was selected as the site for the new farm. It is located within a short distance of both Philadelphia and New York, which are the cities where highest prices are paid for fresh eggs. It has a gravely soil, which provides a natural grit for chickens and is quickly dry after rain. Here a tract of 140 acres was purchased—an abandoned chicken farm in was, also —110 acres of adjoining land have been bought since then and an additional 35 acres have been leased.

Largest Egg Factory

This is now the largest egg-producing plant in the world. Here 20,000 hens cackle cheerfully over their work, scratch contentedly in the gravel and wander over the thickly wooded acres. They have a good right to cackle, for they will produce about 2,500,000 eggs in a year—count 'em. If you haven't time to do the counting it may be stated that this means nearly 5 eggs laid every minute, day and night, summer and winter, Sundays and holidays included. During the year ending July 31, 1910, with an average of less than 7,000 laying hens on the place, 765,350 eggs were produced. During the year ending July 31, 1911, there will be 20,000 layers, and it is easy to estimate that they will produce in the neighborhood of 2,500,000 eggs.

The Rancocas poultry farm is divided into a number of pens. In each pen is a long "laying-house." There are 36 of these houses. If they were placed end to end they would make a line nearly two-thirds of a mile long. Each house is supplied with roosts and nests. All of them face the south to get the heat of the sun. They have cement floors and the windows are either of muslin or of glass, the former having the advantage of affording ventilation. Each of these houses is occupied by 500 chickens. This is known as the "Rancocas unit."

It requires three miles of underground piping to carry water to all the flocks. Water is pumped from springs on the farm to an elevated tank, and it flows from there to the various pens, where it is always on tap through hydrants. There are 60,000 square feet of concrete in the laying-house floors. The pens or yards are inclosed by more than six miles of wire netting. Hundreds of tons of feed and thousands of egg crates are used annually.

The incubator basement contains 250 incubators, which have a combined capacity of more than 100,000 eggs. It requires three weeks to hatch a chicken, and the hatching period at this farm covers about six months. Therefore, there will be about eight hatchings of about 600,000 eggs. It is estimated that during the six months' hatching period at Rancocas three chickens will come out of the shell every minute, day and night.

The chickens are all single-comb white Leghorns.

Market Always Good.

When it is remembered that more than 1,000,000,000 eggs are consumed every year in New York city alone, the broadness of the market for the eggs produced, even at the rate of 2,500,000 a year, is apparent. Nearly all the eggs from this farm are shipped by express direct to New York. Those laid today are in the hands—and mouths—of the consumers tomorrow. And the people who get eggs that are guaranteed to be absolutely fresh pay a premium of from 5 to 20 cents per dozen.

The reason for running an egg farm instead of a poultry farm is apparent from this fact alone. Besides, the man who raises broilers gets nothing but the meat profit. He who raises eggs gets the meat profit finally—after the hen has faithfully tended to business for three or four years and has laid 400 or 500 eggs. A bird which is of pullet age has passed through the most precarious part of its existence. The man who raises broilers only disposes of his bird just at the time when he has brought it to a stage where its health will be good for several years, and where it will begin its great work of giving profit to its owner. Also, the man who raises chickens merely for their meat has little opportunity to develop any promising birds to fancy stock. A great many superfine hens are sold from the Rancocas farm at $5 each and cocks have brought as much as $70 each.

Hen Likes Regular Life.

One of the first things that strikes the visitor is the exact system by which everything is run. Biddy gets her meals more regularly than the average human being. Of course, she is never called out of town, she never has to attend meetings or to sit up with a sick friend, and therefore her day is regular. Biddy loves regularity. She differs in this respect from humanity, which is always searching after something new and novel. When something new and novel happens in Biddy's life she is apt to get excited and take her mind off of her great mission—laying eggs. Her breakfast consists of a mash which she pecks from troughs placed in the laying houses.

For 500 chickens, this mash is made up as follows: Eight pounds bran, 7 pounds of middlings, 7 pounds of corn or oats ground, 4 pounds of beef scrap, 5 pounds clover chopped fine, one-half pound fine oyster shell, 3½ pounds linseed meal. This makes 35 pounds, so that each bird gets about one ounce. At 9 o'clock barley and hulled oats are scattered broadcast over the ground of the pen and the chickens scratch for it. Between 10:30 and 11 o'clock chopped green stuff is supplied. At noon a meal is served like the morning scratch feed. The last ration of the day consists of wheat and cracked corn. These meals are varied somewhat according to the time of the year and the weather, but all is done on a scientific basis. In addition to these rations, food is always kept in open hoppers in the laying houses, so that any bird may help itself if hungry. Besides dry mash, these hoppers contain mica grit, charcoal and beef scrap.

Producing Eggs When Wanted.

Now here's a bit of science in egg producing, and one of the things that go a long way toward making that industry profitable to him who uses his brains. The hens are made to moult early in the fall, so that they will lay well in the winter when the price of eggs is highest. One extra egg from a hen each week in the winter will pay for all she eats. A hen cannot moult and lay eggs at the same time. The growing of new feathers takes too much of her strength. The ordinary farmer's hens moult in November, December and January. The ordinary farmer's hens supply 90 per cent of the eggs for market. That is the reason why eggs are highest in the months named. The man who can make his hens lay during those months will reap a profit like the man who can make ice in July; strawberries in January.

Forced moulting is accomplished by shutting the birds in their houses for three days and feeding them much less than usual. In the middle of August the feathers are dried at the end of the quill, and it requires only the reduction of surplus fat and an increase of oil-containing food to make new feathers and push the old ones out. Other changes are made in the food rations as the new feathers appear. The birds get through the moult more quickly and enter the winter in better condition than if the usual food rations had been continued. And they are right on the job for laying eggs when they are most valuable.

Exact Records Show Profit.

Exact records of everything are kept on the farm, and from these records it has been found that the actual net profit is $2.78 per hen. This is gained, as said before, by increasing vigilance and by the use of brains in hatching, raising and selecting the birds, selling the poor ones for broilers, making them lay eggs when eggs are highest and getting the eggs to market promptly so that they will bring a premium on the highest market price.

The average wages paid on this farm is over $50 a month. So much depends on the men who do the actual caring for the chickens that they must be absolutely reliable. In the purchase of feed the best is secured at the lowest possible price, but it is considered poor economy to buy inferior food.

Ten men do the actual feeding of the chickens. Each is supplied with printed egg slips showing the number of houses under his care. When he makes the first egg collection or "pickup" of the day he notes in the proper columns the exact number of eggs collected from each house. At the last gathering in the evening he does the same. He adds the two columns at the end of the day and turns the slip in to the foreman, who makes a duplicate of all the slips and gives the office a summary of the egg products of the day.

Dead on the Level.

Rire.

"Lend you 25 louis? A pretty idea! And suppose you were to die tomorrow?"

"Sir, you insult me. I may be poor, but at least I am honest."

FERTILE-VIRGINIA-FARMS

$15 PER ACRE and up; easy payments. Productive soil, mild climate, fine water, good roads, close markets, unsurpassed school and social advantages. Write for beautiful illustrated Quarterly, other attractive literature and cheap excursion rates. F. H. LaBaume, Ag'l Agt., Norfolk & Western Railway, Box 2054, Roanoke, Va.

NO IRRIGATION HERE YEARLY RAINFALL 45 INCHES!!

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Diamond Joe's Big White—A strictly new variety. None like it. It is the earliest and Best Big White Corn in the World—Because it was bred for most Big Bushels, not fancy show points; because grown from thoroughbred inherited stock; every stalk bears one or more good ears, because scientifically handled, thoroughly dried and properly cured and had the most rigid examination. Big Seed Catalog FREE. It tells about all best farm, grass, garden and flower seeds grown. Write for it today.

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Write today! Send 10 cents to help pay postage and packing and receive the above "Famous Collection," together with our New and Instructive Garden Guide.

GREAT NORTHERN SEED CO.
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Grows From Seed FOUR MONTHS FROM PLANTING

"A few Ground Almonds (Chufis) growing in your garden this year will give you a great deal of pleasure. Plant in Spring and you will get a crop in about four months. The nuts of the latter, resembling the sweetest or almond meat, is snow white; shell thin, and great producer. One nut planted will produce from 100 to 300 nuts. Will grow in any soil or location.

To get new customers to test our seeds we will mail 50 Ground Almonds and 1911 Seed Catalogue with 10c. Box full, all for 10 cents. Send today and have something in your garden to surprise your neighbors.

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FREE

Jack Rose is the earliest smooth red tomato grown. Package sent, with our beautiful new catalog, for a 2c stamp to pay postage. If you want the very BEST FARM, GARDEN and FLOWER SEEDS you must plant JUNG'S QUALITY SEEDS We give lots of New Sorts FREE with every order. Send today for our BARGAIN CATALOG.

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Iowa Banner White: Greatest record as largest yields in annals of corn growing. Average yield 7 seven states 178 bushels per acre. **Monarch of Iowa,** Best Yellow Dent corn known or grown; Biggest yields everywhere. We also grow all other leading best varieties, as well as Seed Oats, Barley, Speltz; Grass, Clovers Alfalfa and all other farm and **garden seeds.** Our big fine illustrated Seed Catalogue is **free to you.** A postal card will bring it to your door. Write for it today Address,

The Shenandoah Pure Seed Co
**303 Lowell Ave., Shenandoah

Stomach Blood and Liver Troubles

Much sickness starts with weak stomach, and consequent poor, impoverished blood. Nervous and pale people lack good, rich, red blood. Their stomachs need invigorating for, after all, a man can be no stronger than his stomach.

A remedy that makes the stomach strong and the liver active, makes rich red blood and overcomes and drives out disease-producing bacteria and cures a whole multitude of diseases.

Get rid of your Stomach Weakness and Liver Laziness by taking a course of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery—the great Stomach Restorative, Liver Invigorator and Blood Cleanser.

You can't afford to accept any medicine of *unknown composition* as a substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery," which is a medicine OF KNOWN COMPOSITION, having a complete list of ingredients in plain English on its bottle-wrapper, same being attested as correct under oath.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

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AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c, FRAMES 15c. Sheet Pictures 1c, Stereoscopes 25c, Views 1c. 30 Days' Credit. Samples and Catalog Free. CONSOLIDATED PORTRAIT, Dept. 4522, 1027 W. Adams St., Chicago.

150 Favorite Songs With Music, and Five beautiful Post Cards, 10c. Agents wanted. Home Publishing Co., Lock Box 3, Indianapolis, Ind.

MALE HELP WANTED.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to men with rig to introduce poultry compound. Year's contract necessary. IMPERIAL MFG. CO., Dept. 74. Parsons, Kans.

WANTED!! YOUNG MEN!! RAILROAD!! Steam and Electric Train Service, $65 to $150 permonth. Big demand. All roads. Hundreds get to work. Experience unnecessary. Instructions by mail. Five hundred more wanted. I. RAILWAY C. I. No. 39 INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

HELP WANTED.

WANTED—Railway mail clerks, city carriers, postoffice, customs, internal revenue employes. Thousands of appointments coming. Average salary about $1,100; no "layoffs." Short hours; annual vacations. Common education sufficient. Political influence not needed. Send your name immediately for schedule showing places of coming examinations. Free coaching. Franklin Institute, Dept. F 32, Rochester, N. Y.

LOCAL REPRESENTATIVE WANTED. Splendid income assured right man to act as our representative after learning our business thoroughly by mail. Former experience unnecessary. All we require is honesty, ability, ambition and willingness to learn a lucrative business. No soliciting or traveling. This is an exceptional opportunity for a man in your section to get into a big-paying business without capital and become independent for life. Write at once for full particulars. Address E. R. MARDEN, Pres. THE NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE REAL ESTATE COMPANY, L. 505, Marden Building, Washington, D. C.

FOR SALE—FARMS

TEXAS SCHOOL LANDS
Over 1,000,000 acres for sale by the state. You can buy 640 acres at $2 an acre; pay $80 cash, balance after forty years; raise farming and fruit land and healthy climate. For further information, send 6c postage. Investor Pub. Co., Dept. C, San Antonio, Texas.

FOR SALE—Eighty acres, good buildings, clay loam, flowing well, fifteen acres timber, three miles from Birch Run, Saginaw Co., near Electric line. Farm, tools and five registered Durhams, $7,000.00. F. Lamoreaux, Birch Run, Mich.

Richest Corn—Farm—150 Bushels per acre. Guaranteed. Particulars write 7-U, Sullivan, Ind.

TOBACCO HABIT.

TOBACCO HABIT CURED OR NO COST—Harmless home treatment of roots and herbs. Sure, pleasant, permanent. Send your name now. Ni-Ko Works, 14, Wichita, Kansas.

AGENTS Here It Is
POCKET SEWING MACHINE

That's what Ed Hopper calls it. Sold 97 in few days. He's pleased. Retails at 100% PROFIT ridiculously low price. If you want a quick seller, one that gets the money easy, send now for confidential terms and FREE BOOKLET, "Inside Information on the agency business." A few hours a day means many a dollar in your pocket. Send a postal. A. MATHEWS CO. 75 Wayne Street, DAYTON, OHIO

WANTED Union Soldiers who homesteaded some land, but less SOLDIERS' than 160 acres before June 23, 1874, are en- HOMESTEADS titled to additional rights even though entry was relinquished or abandoned. If soldier is dead, widow or heirs have his rights.
I Pay Spot Cash for These Claims.
Address (Comrade) W. E. MOSES, 433 Jacobson Bldg., Denver, Colo.

Big Agents Wanted Sell Ladies' Dress Goods, Silks, Shawls Waists, Dress Skirts, Battenbergs, Lingerie, Millinery, etc., at half merchants' prices. Your credit is good. Free sample outfit, biggest commissions; exclusive territory, written guarantee with each sale. Write for our Big Free Catalog. No. 210 and sample watches.
SCHWARTZ IMPORTING CO., St. Louis, Mo.

WE PAY $80 A MONTH SALARY and furnish rig and all expenses to introduce poultry and stock powders; new plan; steady work. Address BIGLER COMPANY, X409, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

AGENTS WANTED Lady to represent high class firm. Established 50 years. Goods standard, ready sellers. You can earn $2 to $10 a day. Send postal for particulars to H. Scovil Co., No. 15, Station U, Chicago.

$25 WEEKLY and expenses to men and women who collect names, distribute samples and advertise; steady work. C. H. KNERR, W. G. 69, Chicago, Ill.

I can give you reliable personal information relative to opportunities offered by the south. If interested, write W. W. Jones, Toledo, O.

Bismarck's New Year Eve.

London Globe.

Bismarck was not without superstition and this always was noticeable on the eve of the new year. From 9 o'clock that night until after midnight he would not take water in any circumstances from a glass. It was an ancient tradition in the chancellor's family that anyone who set the legend at defiance would pass through a serious illness. If another tradition is true, the observance of the family legend must have been a sore trouble to the Iron Chancellor, for the Paris contemporary from which we take the foregoing says that Bismarck not only loved war, but beer and wines, especially French wines. He was not averse to punch and grog, but on New Year's eve grog was under the ban, for it contained water.

Fragments of Wisdom.

The Smart Set.

When a woman holds a man in the hollow of her hand she can palm off any kind of talk on him.

All you've got to do is to stir some people up to have them boil over.

Flattery is a sort of bad money to which our vanity gives currency.

Social farsee lasts as long as the possessor is present.

He who surrenders when he is wrong is wise. He who surrenders when he is right—is married. But he, too, is wise.

The hobble skirt is making quite a stir, considering the entire absence of bustle.

Many present problems are past following getting ripe.

Homely girls rush in under the mistletoe where peaches fear to tread.

The woman who marries to better herself generally becomes worse than ever.

The prettier a woman is, the less she believes love is blind.

The woman of doubtful reputation never gets the benefit of the doubt.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

CHARLES F. DEEMS

I would like to have you please give me a biography of Charles F. Deems.—C. R. M., Zion City, Ill.

Charles Force Deems, the American clergyman, was born December 4, 1820, and died November 18, 1893. In 1839 he graduated from Dickinson college, and immediately began to preach for the Methodist church of Asbury, N. J. From 1842 to 1847 he was professor of logic and rhetoric at the North Carolina university, and one year later held a position as professor of natural sciences at Randolph-Macon college, Virginia. He then returned to the pulpit, being pastor in Newbern, N. C. In 1850 Deems became the president of the female college at Greensboro, N. C., and during an incumbency of four years greatly increased its prosperity and usefulness. In 1860 he went to Europe, where he remained six months and on his return he was offered but declined the chair of history at the University of North Carolina. However, he organized a school for boys and girls at Wilson, N. C., which he conducted for several years. In 1865 Deems moved to New York to engage in journalism, believing that from the metropolis he could better accomplish the reconciliation of the north and south. His first attempt was as editor and publisher of a religious weekly, entitled The Watchman, and for several months his editorial study was the corner of the billiard room of his hotel. But lack of capital caused the failure of his paper, and it was discontinued at the close of its first year. He began to preach again, organizing his congregation into the Strangers' Sunday Home society. In 1881, after his return from a tour in Palestine, Deems organized the American Institute of Christian Philosophy, of which he was president until his death.

GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER

Will you please give a short sketch of the life of General Joseph Wheeler?—H. A. W., Governor's Island, N. C.

Joseph Wheeler, the American soldier and legislator, was born September 10, 1836, and died in 1906. He graduated at West Point in 1859, and the same year was ordered for duty at the cavalry school in Carlisle, Pa. In 1860 he was stationed at various posts in New Mexico, and engaged in scouting against the Indians. The following year he resigned from the U. S. army and entered the Confederate service as first lieutenant of artillery, being assigned to duty in Florida. He served the south all through the civil war and was very successful as a general. Just before the close of the war he was made lieutenant general, and was placed in command of the cavalry in General J. E. Johnston's army. When the conflict was over Wheeler engaged in the practice of law, and also became a cotton planter. He served in congress from 1881 to 1889. Wheeler was appointed in 1898 a major general of volunteers and placed in command of the cavalry division of the army of Santiago in the war with Spain. He commanded the troops at Las Guasimas, was senior field officer at San Juan hill, and acted as one of the American commissioners in arranging the surrender of Santiago. In 1899 and 1900 he commanded a brigade in the Philippines, and took part is several engagements. In February, 1900, by order of the President he inspected the island of Guam. In June of the same year he was commissioned brigadier-general of the United States army, and he commanded the department of the lakes until December, when he was retired. He wrote several histories and biographies.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Will you please gieve me a sketch through the Question Bureau of the life of James Whitcomb Riley?—T. B. B., Albany, O.

James Whitcomb Riley, the American poet, was born in Greenfield, Ind., 1853. He attended school during his boyhood. When he left school he became a sign-painter. He soon turned strolling player and composed songs and remodeled plays for the company of which he was a member. Later, he became an editorial writer on the staff of the Indianapolis Journal. In 1873 he began writing poems and contributing them to Indiana papers. Riley received the sobriquet of "The Hoosier Poet" through his verses in the Indiana dialect. This work is quite unique in American literature. Riley is not, however limited to this, but has written with melody and imagination in literary English. His public readings from his books became very popular, especially in the western states.

SHETLAND

Please give an account of the Shetland islands.—W. C. B., Batavia, Ia.

Shetland, Scotland, is a county embracing groups of islands northeast of Orkney, of which 20 are inhabited. They contain 566 square miles, and the largest are Mainland, Yell, Unst, Fetlar, Bressay, Whalsay and Foula. Mainland contains about two-thirds of the entire acreage; its surface is hilly with indented coast lines and interspersed by numerous lochs. The coasts of the whole group are bold and rocky, presenting some fine landscape. Peat moss covers much of the surface, and some cereal crops and vegetables are grown. The pastures cover about 43,000 acres. Domestic animals are reared, among them being the well known Shetland ponies. The chief industry is the herring fisheries. The manufactures are mainly woolens. The exports are fish, oil, cattle, horses, eggs and gloves. There are 61 public schools and several schools for superior education. The inhabitants are of Norse extraction and were for several centuries under Scandinavian sovereigns. Since 1468 they have belonged to Scotland.

COL. WILLIAM CRAWFORD

I would like to have a biographical sketch of Colonel William Crawford.—J. B., Albany, O.

William Crawford, the American soldier, was born in 1732, and died June 11, 1782. He was a surveyor by profession, and an associate of Washington, who trusted him greatly. He served with the Virginia riflemen through Braddock's campaign; was appointed captain on Washington's recommendation in 1761, and served through the Pontiac war. When the revolution broke out, Crawford joined Washington with a company of Virginians. He was engaged in the battles of Long Island, Trenton and Princeton; was on frontier duty in 1778; and was colonel when he resigned in 1781. In May, 1782, at Washington's request, he commanded an expedition against the Wyandot and Delaware Indians on the Sandusky river. They met the Indians June 4, and in the engagement which followed Crawford was captured and subsequently tortured by his captors before being burned at the stake.

FANNY CROSBY

Will the Question Bureau please give a short sketch of the life of Fanny Crosby?—H. M., Croswell, Mich.

Frances Jane Van Alstyne Crosby was born at Southeast, Putnam county, New York, March 24, 1825. When six weeks old she lost her sight. About 1835 she entered the New York institution for the blind, where, after completing her training, she became a teacher. In 1858 she married Alexander Van Alstyne, a musician, who was also blind. Her songs and hymns number 2,000 or more, and have been published mainly in American Sunday school collections.

JAMES J. JEFFRIES

I would like to have you give me a biographical sketch of James J. Jeffries, the former world's champion prize fighter.—D. D., Ochrey, Ky.

James J. Jeffries was born April 15, 1875, in Carroll, Ohio. His height is 6 feet 1½ inches. His weight averages 200 pounds. James J. Jeffries knocked out Dan Long, T. Van Buskirk, Henry Baker, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jack Finnegan, Jim Corbett, Joe Kennedy, Gus Ruhlin, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jim Corbett and Jack Munroe. He won over Joe Goddard, Peter Jackson, Pete Everett, Tom Sharkey, Bob Armstrong, Tom Sharkey and Hank Griffin. He has fought to a draw with Gus Ruhlin and Joe Choynski. He failed to knock out Jack Munroe in an exhibition fight. He then retired and gave Tommy Burns the right to defend the title of heavyweight champion. When Johnson defeated Burns Jeffries decided to enter the ring again, but on July 4, 1910, Johnson knocked him out and won the world's title.

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG

Will the Question Bureau please give me an account of the battle of Gettysburg?—R. M. W., Nook, Pa.

The battle of Gettysburg lasted from July 1 to 3, 1863. It was fought between the Confederates under General Lee and the Union army under Meade. When Lee invaded Pennsylvania he was compelled to retreat by Meade's army, which threatened his rear. So it was decided by Lee to venture a battle, expecting in case of victory to march on to Washington, and if defeated to secure a direct line of retreat into Virginia. So the Confederate forces were concentrated at the village of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. It was on the first day in July that the advances of the two armies met at Gettysburg, and an engagement ensued in which both sides were reinforced. Reynolds, the commander of the federal advance, was killed and Howard succeeded him. The latter maintained his position on Cemetery hill, south of the town. General Meade arrived during the afternoon. On the second day the federal army occupied a strong position in the form of a semicircle, with its convex center toward Gettysburg and including the elevations of Cemetery hill and Round Top. About noon Lee began a general attack on the federal center, which was followed by an attack on the right. He gained only a slight advantage. At the end of the second day it could be seen that if Cemetery hill was captured it would mean that the key to the federal position was lost to Meade. But this hill was defended by a battery of about 80 guns. On the next day Lee massed upward of 100 guns on Seminary ridge, with which he opened fire on the federal position early in the afternoon. The bombardment, which lasted one hour and one-half, was followed by two grand assaults, which were repulsed. Lee then retired on the fourth day. The forces engaged in this battle numbered between 70,000 and 80,000 on each side. The loss to the northern troops was 2,834 killed, 13,700 wounded and 6,643 missing, making a total of 23,186. The total Confederate loss was 31,621.

GREAT WALL OF CHINA

Please tel what you can about the Chinese wall.—M. D. T., Seville, O.

The erection of the Chinese wall is said to have been started about 214 B. C., and completed in 204 B. C. It has been reported to be 1728 miles long, extending from the sea shore on the gulf of Pe-che-lee westward beyond Soo-Choo, on the borders of Turkestan, by a zigzag through a belt over 300 miles in width, its northern limit being north of Pekin. It passes up steep mountains and down into gorges and ravines, crosses rivers, valleys, and plains, seemingly regardless of obstacles. This wall is 20 feet thick at the bottom and 15 at the top, and from 25 to 30 feet high, with flanking turrets 35 to 40 feet high every 200 or 300 yards. The exterior faces are blocks of well-cut granite, laid in excellent mortar; within it is filled with closepacked earth and stones. The upper surface is paved with bricks, a foot square, laid several inches thick, forming an excellent passage.

CLARA BARTON

Will you please give a sketch of the life of Clara Barton?—Grand Ledge, Mich.

Clara Barton, the American philanthropist, was born in 1830. She first became a teacher and founded a free school at Borderntown, N. J., opening it with six pupils. In 1854 it had grown to 600, when she became a clerk in the patent office at Washington. On the outbreak of the civil war she resigned her clerkship and became a volunteer nurse in the army hospitals and on the battlefield. In 1864 she was appointed to the charge of the hospitals at the front of the army of the James. She was present at several battles, and in 1865 was placed by President Lincoln in charge of the search for missing men of the Union armies having already devoted much time to that work at her own expense.

During the Franco-Prussian war she went to Europe, where she assisted the Red Cross society in its work. At the close of this war Miss Barton was decorated with the Golden Cross of Baden and the Iron Cross of Germany. In 1881, when the American Red Cross society was organized, she was made its president, and in that capacity in 1888 had charge of the measures to relieve sufferers from the Mississippi and Ohio floods. Five years later she had charge of movements in behalf of the sufferers from the floods at Johnstown, Pa., and in 1892 distributed relief to the Russian famine sufferers; in 1896 she personally directed relief measures at the scenes of the Armenian massacres; in 1898, at the request of President McKinley, took relief to the Cuban reconcentrados and performed field work during the war with Spain. Miss Barton also undertook in 1900 to direct the relief of the sufferers at Galveston, but she broke down physically.

U. S. PRESIDENTS

What was the cause of the deaths of each of our presidents from Washington to McKinley?—G. B. B., Parkersburg, W. Va.

1. George Washington (1789-1797). Born in Westmoreland county, Virginia, 1732. Died from a cold which brought on laryngitis at Mt. Vernon, 1799. Buried on his estate at Mt. Vernon, Va.

2. John Adams (1797-1801). Born at Quincy, Mass., 1735. Died from senile debility at Quincy, Mass., 1826. Buried at Quincy, Mass.

3. Thomas Jefferson (1801-1809). Born at Shadwell, Va., 1743. Died from chronic diarrhoea at Monticello, Va., 1826. Buried on his estate at Monticello, Va.

4. James Madison (1809-1817). Born at Port Conway, Va., 1751. Died of old age at Montpelier, Va., 1836. Buried on his estate at Montpelier.

5. James Monroe (1817-1825). Born in Westmoreland county, Virginia, 1758. Died of general debility at New York city in 1831. Buried in Hollywood cemetery, Richmond, Va.

6. John Quincy Adams 1825-1829). Born at Quincy, Mass., 1767. Died of paralysis, the fatal attack overtaking him in the house of representatives, 1848. Buried at Quincy, Mass.

7. Andrew Jackson 1829-1837). Born in Union county, North Carolina, 1767. Died of consumption and dropsy on his estate, the Hermitage, near Nashville, Tenn., 1845. Buried on his estate.

8. Martin Van Buren (1837-1841). Born at Kinderhook, N. Y., 1782. Died of catarrh of the throat and lungs at Kinderhook, N. Y., 1862. Buried at Kinderhook, N. Y.

9. William Henry Harrison (March 4-April 4, 1841). Born at Berkeley, Va., 1773. Died of pleurisy induced by a cold taken on the day of his inauguration at Washington, 1841. Buried near North Bend, Ohio.

10. John Tyler (April 4, 1841-1845). Born at Greenway, Va., 1790. Died from a mysterious disorder like a bilious attack, at Richmond, Va., 1862. Buried at Richmond, Va.

11. James K. Polk (1845-1849). Born in Mecklenburg county, N. C., 1795. Died from weakness caused by cholera, in Nashville, Tenn., 1849. Buried on his estate in Nashville, Tenn.

12. Zachary Taylor (March 4, 1849-July 9, 1850). Born in Orange county, Va., 1784. Died from cholera morbus, induced by improper diet, at Washington, D. C., 1850. Buried on his estate near Louisville, Ky.

13. Millard Fillmore (July 10, 1850-1853). Born at Summerville, N. Y., 1800. Died from paralysis at Buffalo, N. Y., 1874. Buried in Forest Hill cemetery, Buffalo, N. Y.

14. Franklin Pierce (1853-1857). Born at Hillsborough, N. H., 1804. Died from inflammation of the stomach at Concord, N. H., 1869. Buried at Concord, N. H.

15. James Buchanan (1857-1861). Born near Mercersberg, Penn., 1791. Died of rheumatism and gout near Lancaster, Penna., 1868. Buried near Lancaster, Penn.

16. Abraham Lincoln (1861-April 15, 1865). Born in Larue (then called Hardin) county, Ky., 1809. Assassinated by John Wilkes Booth, at Ford's theatre, Washington, D. C., 1865. Buried at Springfield, Ill.

17. Andrew Johnson (April 15, 1865-1869). Born at Raleigh, N. C., 1808. Died from paralysis at Carter's Station, Tenn., 1875. Buried at Greenville, Tenn.

18. Ulysses S. Grant (1869-1877). Born at Point Pleasant, Ohio, 1822. Died from cancer of the throat at Mt. McGregor, N. Y., 1885. Buried at Riverside park, New York city.

19. Rutherford B. Hayes (1877-1881). Born at Delaware, Ohio, 1822. Died from paralysis of the heart, at Fremont, Ohio, 1893. Buried at Fremont, Ohio.

20. James A. Garfield (March 4-Sept. 19, 1881). Born in Cuyahoga county, Ohio, 1831. Assassinated by Charles J. Guiteau. Died at Elberton, N. J., 1881. Buried at Cleveland, O.

21. Chester A. Arthur (Sept. 19, 1881-1885). Born in Fairfield, Vt., 1830. Died from Bright's disease at New York, 1886. Buried in Rural cemetery, Albany, N. Y.

22, 24. Grover Cleveland (1st term 1885-1889, 2nd term 1893-1897). Born at Caldwell, N. J., 1837. Died of general debility at Princeton, N. J., June 24, 1908. Buried at the same place.

23. Benjamin Harrison (1889-1893). Born at North Bend, Ohio, 1833. Died of pneumonia, at Indianapolis, Ind., 1901. Buried at Indianapolis, Ind.

25. William McKinley (1897-1901). Born at Niles, Ohio, 1843. He was assassinated at Buffalo, N. Y. He was buried at Canton, O.

MISCELLANEOUS

D. F., Campbell, Mo.—We cannot give a biography of Gilbert Patten.

G. J. W., Hubbard, Ore.—Consult your family physician for the information you want.

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Trip Down the Rhine.

Through all the years of my life, my heart has yearned for the beauties of the Rhine, with a longing which would not be satisfied. No amount of traveling was an adequate substitute. In some way, back in childhood days, I associated with that river and its embracing hills, all of my fairy stories. Some of its myths and legends had come to me, more or less corrupted probably, but I have always been sure that there was something mystic about the stream, and if I could only look upon it, I should see some of the giants and robber barons who used to sweep through my imagination, before my imagination became corrupted with truth and reason. And now I have seen the Rhine, at least a bit of it, and I can remember few days in my life that are richer in keen enjoyment than that one when we sang our way through the ruins and castles which stand like frozen echoes of the past, all along the shores.

And yet the Rhine itself, stripped of its historic robes, is not as fine as our own Hudson, and even the Penobscot, from Bangor to the sea, can show exquisite touches of scenery which easily rival those of the more famous river of Germany. But the Rhine is more than natural scenery. It is a great moving stage upon which the activities of the world's largest life have been enacted. The very ordinary hill is seen not as it is today, more than a ruin of man's works, it is a symbol of the way of all human strength and greatness, which passes with the passing centuries to give place to something better.

All day long we sang; led by the fine orchestra, and the singing spirit of the Germans, we sang the hours away. And sometimes our voices made a mighty chorus which swung up through the hills as the centuries have colored them often mixing their colors with human blood. And that pile of stone, but a resting place for birds in their flight, is more than a stone pile, for it has housed and homed and protected human hearts in the long ago, and is their pathetic monument. And the ruin which lifts its shattered figure between you and the setting sun is shattered courts and corridors. And then with the day we passed away, but a passing incident soon to be forgot by the mighty river which through the ages has been fretted by the fleeting generations of men, and yet flows on, strong, calm, unchanging, while men and the works of man, decay.

Cut This Out.
Recipe that Breaks a Cold in a Day and Cures Any Curable Cough.

"Mix half ounce of Concentrated Pine compound and two ounces of glycerine with half a pint of good whiskey; shake well and use in doses of one to two teaspoonfuls after each meal and at bed time." Smaller doses to children according to age. Anyone can mix this. But be sure to get only the genuine (Globe) Concentrated Pine. Each half-ounce bottle comes in a sealed tin screw-top case. If the druggist does not have it he will quickly get it. Many mixtures are of large quantity and cheaper, but it is risky to experiment. This formula comes from a reliable doctor and is certain.

RECIPE FOR WEAK KIDNEYS

Kidney or bladder trouble are shown by such symptoms as backache, rheumatic pains and other well known signs. Treatment should be given at once before more serious trouble arises. The following simple prescription is from leading authority and is highly endorsed. Mix one-half ounce fluid extract buchu, one-half ounce murax compound, six ounces good pure gin. Take one to two teaspoonfuls after each meal and at bed time. All well stocked drug stores have the above ingredients. Anyone can mix. This quickly restores weak deranged kidneys, bladder and other urinary organs.

OFFERING BIG PRIZES FOR BETTER CROPS

DOWN in Texas, where areas and distances are great and the population is comparatively small, one would hardly expect to find liberal prizes offered for the best crops of corn and cotton grown on a given number of acres. Texas will strike the average American as a queer place for organized efforts to increase the productiveness of the soil by intensive and intelligent cultivation.

The Texas Industrial Congress, however, offers $10,000 in prizes, to be distributed among the farmers of that state for the largest yields of the two great staples, cotton and corn. The time limit fixed is 1911. The land must not be irrigated in competing for these prizes offered.

For the best 10 acres (giving the largest yield in bushels) of corn, and the best 10 acres of cotton (the largest crop) the 20 acres to be on the same farm in every case, and under one management, there will be $6,500 in prizes, beginning with a first prize of $2,500, followed by a second prize of $1,500, and soon on down to 10 prizes of $100 apiece. There will be 15 prizes in all.

The remaining $3,500 given by the Texas Industrial Congress will be divided into 14 prizes, ranging from one of $1,000 down to 10 of $100 apiece, to be awarded to the boys and girls of the state who grow the best two acres of corn and the best two acres of cotton this year. As in the competition open to all ages, the corn and the cotton must be produced on the same farm, under the same management. The age limit is fixed at not over 20 years on January 1, 1911.

If this Texas effort to encourage more careful farming and more scientific and productive use of the soil were to be restricted as a power for good to the state in which it has originated, the prize competition would be valuable, but it could not attract such attenion as will surely be bestowed upon the enterprise undertaken by the Texas Industrial Congress. It will probably lead to similar action by like organizations in other states.

The Texas congress which is showing its public spirit and intelligent understanding of the needs and interests of the state is not primarily agricultural. It is not a farmers' congress, and it is located in Dallas, one of the largest cities of the huge commonwealth. There is no logical reason why other business leagues in many states should not imitate its effort to bring about the wiser and more productive use of the earth.

The movement is in accord with many other undertakings of similar character. In some cases railroad companies are offering inducements to farmers to grow the largest crops possible, and in the manner least exhausting to the land. In many states the government encourages agriculture by maintaining experiment farms which demonstrate the good results of the most advanced management. Most of the states do something to help their states fairs, and so increase the effect of the prizes offered for big crops of good quality.

The crops grown in the United States will surely show the effects of this broad improvement for better results in the use of the soil, and all signs of the times indicate that American crops will speedily rise, in average yield, to something like the normal level of the more advanced countries of Europe. There is increasing dissatisfaction with returns from a given number of acres which fall far below the yield obtained from land in England, Germany or France which has been tilled for many centuries.

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And I therefore want you and every other spectacle-wearer in your county (all my old customers also) to get a handsome ROLLED GOLD pair of these very remarkable and latest "Perfect Vision" Spectacles of mine without a single solitary cent of cost; and as a favor—not an obligation, mind you—I will kindly ask you to

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by showing them around to your neighbors and friends and speak a good word for them whenever you have the opportunity.

If you want to do me this favor write me your name and address at once and I will immediately mail you my Free Home Eye Tester and latest ROLLED GOLD Spectacle offer. Address:—

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She Remembered the Judge.

Judge Hangar was spending a sunny autumn at Atlantic City and every morning on one of the piers he used to see a young lady whose face looked most familiar.

The judge prided himself on his memory for names and faces, and yet somehow this young lady escaped him. But he was sure he knew her, and one morning, though she always studiously avoided his eye, he stopped and addressed her with courtly politeness.

"Pardon me, miss," he said, "your features are familiar, but, strangely enough, I cannot recall the circumstances under which we met. Yet I certainly remember our having met somewhere."

"Remember," cried the young lady, and she rose from among her friends with angry and aggressive air. "Remember, you old scalawag! Well, you ought to remember. It's not a year since you gave me eight months in the common pleas, and for two cents I'd pitch you over the railing into the water."

Base Trade.

She walked into a shoe store and said to the polite clerk:

"You may show me a pair of walking boots, No. 4. I used to wear 3's, but I go in for solid comfort now."

"Strange," she murmured, "it must be rheumatism. Try 4's, B width. I know I can swim in them, but my feet are so tender."

While the clerk was getting them on she said:

"I used to have such a beautiful foot, not small, but such a good shape. I never had a small foot, but I wore 2½ size for years, until I walked so much and grew heavier."

"Your foot is a peculiar shape; the instep is so high—that is why you require a large size," said the clerk, who had no fear of Ananias before his eyes.

"I've heard," she said, "that the Venus de Medeechy wears No. 5, and she is a model of true proportion."

"Exactly," said the clerk, growing red in the face as he pulled and tugged to get them on. He had never heard of 'dee Medeechey," but he was up to a trick or two himself. "After all," he said, these are too large. You'll find the 4's just right."

He was only gone a moment, but in that time he had erased 5 E from the inside of a pair of shoes and substituted 4 B.

"There, I thought it was strange," she said, whey they were on and paid for; "why, those are just as easy as my old ones. I believe I could just as well have 3's after all."

And the young-man-without-conscience went back to his duties with the air of one well satisfied with himself.

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Advice is one thing that is easy to give and hard to take.

No true spring poet would ever think of eating a robin potpie.

It is hard to recognize a man by the epitaph on his tombstone.

One woman advocates kissing games for children under 16. It's great to be young.

The man who stocks to the horse doesn't have to worry about 1911 models.

It is impossible to get a loafer interested in the subject of intensive farming.

Very few people can remember having met the man who wants but little here below.

Before Mary Garden writes a book about the American man she ought to interview his wife.

We can't believe that nature would ever provide an elixir of life as expensive as radium.

Mr. Carnegie complains that he is misunderstood. Not when he lets his money do the talking.

There is never any dispute about the custody of the children in Nat Goodwin's divorce cases.

While Mr. Edison predicts the disappearance of the horse Missouri continues to raise mules.

Reciprocity with Canada would be much better than marrying the Gould girls to English lords.

It would please Horace Greeley if he could only know how many men took his advice and went west.

Among the other productions of the United States the large crop of Gould girls must not be overlooked.

To wear the kind of whiskers he wore and get away with it Horace Greeley had to be a great man.

Another argument against the hatpin is that it is indigestible. A Wisconsin cow swallowed one and died.

Sawing wood, says a physician, is good for a cold. We would much rather try a hot lemonade for ours.

Radium will never do as the basis of the elixir of life. It is too high-priced for the people who ought to live longest.

Texas will vote on prohibition July 22. The selection of the date must have been made in the interest of the wets.

New Orleans is going to give Mr. Roosevelt a $10,000 dinner. We feel safe in betting that he won't be able to eat half of it.

Nearly every American declares himself by saying that he wouldn't want a daughter of his to marry an old English baron.

A Kentucky boy dropped a match into a powder keg to see the sparks fly. Otherwise he seemed to be as bright as any ordinary boy.

Senator Burton says the people of Adams county are very religious. Then we have a right to assume that they didn't sell any votes on Sunday.

A New Jersey legislator wants a statute limiting the amount of food a person may consume at a meal. That fellow seems to have gotten into the wrong institution.

Eight cream-colored horses hauled King George and Queen Mary to parliament. Four would have been enough to haul the President of the United States.

A member of the Kentucky legislature has won a place in the bright and shining light class by asking for a law changing groundhog day to March 2.

"In Mars," says Prof. Percival Lowell, "the sky is perfectly clear from morning till night and from spring to fall." Then Mars must not have a weather bureau.

Members of the Kansas legislature, it was discovered by the chaplain, cannot repeat the Lord's Prayer. And doubtless many of them are a little rusty on "Now I lay me."

Wm. Tanner has started on an 80-[illegible] in celebration of his eighty-[illegible] birthday anniversary. The doctor expects to live to be a hundred, after which he will get married and settle down.

NEIGHBORS.

The border of the United States and Mexico is a racial frontier. The peoples upon the two sides of the line are of widely different stocks. The boundary marks a natural differentiation, such as the lines between Germany and France, Switzerland and Italy, Bulgaria and Turkey. The Canadian frontier, on the other hand, is a purely political line, marking not a defferentiation of races, but an arbitrary distinction which might not be existing today had a single military expedition of the revolutionary war been successful.

There is little sentiment for the annexation of the two countries and, indeed, no need for it is to be found in their relations. But there is an insistent need for easier commercial communication. The industries of the two countries are fundamentally alike. Men come and go across the line, working at the same trades, conducting business in identical ways, interested very much in one land as in the other. Railroads cross the border. Shipping swings back and forth from the port of one nation to the wharves of another. In spite of absurd restrictions and jealous espionage, the Canadians and the Americans have grown into an easy understanding of each other and sympathy with each other's ambitions and endeavors. If one excepts the little principalities still maintaining political integrity within the German empire, there are no two countries upon the face of the globe so neighborly and friendly as the United States and Canada. It might prove disastrous to our foreign commercial development if congress should be so blind and stupid as to reject the reciprocity treaty. But such action, we scarcely think, can cause any reaction in neighborliness and friendliness.

BRITAIN AND RECIPROCITY.

The tie between England and her colonies is sentiment and little else, and it was the colonies that had to supply the sentiment. For England was the parent, the master, the boss, and took pains to impress that fact upon the dependencies. But the parent was neglectful and ill-tempered; the master assumed an arrogant attitude of superiority; the boss did not always boss with good judgment. Canada was compelled to work out her own salvation. New Zealand was given over as prey to land-grabbers until, to right her wrongs, she wrote a new definition of property. South Africa has been afflicted in turn by London speculators and busy-body politicians. Yet the colonies have been meek. Even unto the third generation the word "home" means England.

In time the colonies grew past infancy into strong, ambitious youth. They began to accumulate wealth and to develop independence. Beholding this, Joseph Chamberlain conceived a brilliant idea for binding the empire closer and everlastingly together. He builded a policy of colonial tariff preference for English goods and taxes in England upon foodstuffs from all producers save the colonies. The scheme in time was elaborated into the building of colonial navies ostensibly for local defense, but in reality for the protection of Britain against the alarming menace of Germany.

The Chamberlain plan has fallen into broken brick and mortar. The reciprocity treaty which Canada has shown a willingness to make with the United States was the weight that crushed it. The Daily Mail, of London, says: "The imperial preference is dead and the sooner we realize it the better." The Times calls for a movement to persuade Canada to abandon the proposed treaty. All England is described as furiously angry and frightened.

A one-sided sentiment is never strong enough to last. Affection cannot live without some return. England left her colonies to their own worries and their own devices and they have grown away from her. As between the debt that Canada owes an uncertain parent and her present welfare, the Dominion looks to her welfare. "Home" is over seas only to a small part of her people now.

SHOTGUN LITERATURE.

Those who admit a weakness for miscellaneous and unprofitable information—the kind which furnishes a moment's interest and is then forgotten—hold the Congressional Record in high regard. It is a whole freight depot of disconnected facts. It is a chaos of unrelated intelligence. From back to front it reads just as interestingly as in the regular order. And sprinkled throughout are maxims, bits of poetry, flashes of wit and bombast.

The issues of the Record of February 2 and 3 are typical examples of this quality of universality. One learns the inward workings of the lemon industry, its seasons of growth and harvest, the acreage and the hopes held out by the futrue. Aids to navigation in Alaskan waters are solicited and a damsite is given away in Michigan. One learns that attorneys for the Indians get 20 to 30 per cent of the money they collect for their clients. A long review of the history of the agricultural department is printed and a representative from Virginia declares that a fixed policy appears to exist among tool-makers for supplying farmers with poor goods. Mr. Sherwood delivers an entertaining speech on the chronicle of congressional commissions, having dug deeply into the subject, and leaves an impression that he thinks congressmen very low grade ore. Mr. Burke, of Pennsylvania, playing up to the family name, recites a little verse and says the American congress "has written upon the parliamentary pages of the world a story more substantial in its blessings, more sublime in its beauty, than all other legislative bodies from the dawn of civilization to the present hour."

The house and senate contain undoubted talent. But still the mediocre character of American lawmaking is proverbial. The blame is to be placed on the discoursiveness. Congress covers too wide a target. The poorest railroad board of directors ever known is said to have been one made up of experts. Each member knew a lot about some one thing, but failed to grasp the general proposition of a great industry. Our representatives and congressmen have a tremendous store of knowledge among them and few of them ever gain a realization of the broad necessities of government.

RECIPROCITY BUGABOOS.

The Republicans who for so many years were concerned in the agitation for tariff reform particularly despised those parts of the system which had been inserted as political quackery. The doctrine of protection could stand upon its own merits. It needed no false bolstering, no disguises and deceits. The revisionists demanded the removal of the hocus-pocus contained in the Dingley law and their grievance with the Payne-Aldrich bill lay largely in the fact that the leaders in congress saw fit to re-enact the fictions. The country has an opportunity now of perceiving one of the tariff shams employed as a weapon against the acceptance of the greatest opportunity for trade extension ever offered to the United States.

The duties on agricultural products were needlessly established for the purpose of getting the support of the farmers for the tariff. We say needlessly, for time after time the farmers of this country have responded to patriotic appeals, where no immediate advantages to themselves have been perceptible. They have, more than any other class, been willing to study and to follow arguments for public policies when the benefits promised themselves would all be indirect. Just the same, the tariff-makers have solemnly written protective duties on farm products, though they knew that the idea of foreign competition upon these articles was absurd. The farmers of this country have come very near to feeding the world. Not for years to come, if ever, will it be necessary for us to import foodstuffs. Yet here are the high protectionists, selfishly clinging to taxes for their special profit, appealing successfully to the granges for opposition to the reciprocity treaty. It has been estimated that the ratio of agricultural products traded in between the United States and Canada is about 12 to 1. The commercial preponderance of 12 is made out to the farmers as in deadly danger from the strength of 1. Canada, under a free trade system, would still have to look to us for food supplies. She would still be buying twelve pounds, or bushels, or barrels, for every pound, bushel or barrel she sent across the line.

Mr. Taft can do no better work in his proposed week of speech-making than devoting it to wiping out this delusion. As a protectionist he can disavow any desire to back up the protective tariff with fancifulness. He can insist that protection needs no stage properties of scare-crows and Quaker guns. The fate of reciprocity may in the end prove to rest with the farmer. It will be disastrous if he is made to strike off his own profit in order to give two or three comparatively unimportant industries the leverage of monopoly.

LYING FOR ITS PLEASURE.

The amazing story from Russia concerning the trial of a doctor who alternately confesses horrible murders and repudiates his confessions has had parallels in this country. It is not an uncommon experience of policemen to be told harrowing tales of adventure, to be described crimes, battles and other occurrences none of which have happened at all. There appears to be a class of liar that never takes into consideration the possibilities of reprisal when the lie is uncovered. The yarns are told with great gusto. There is an unfailing evidence of personal enjoyment. This Russian physician appears to be this kind of a liar. Being an educated man with a mind well trained and nimble, he has been able to embroider his statements with novelties. He has made his "confessions" more horrible than those of other criminals largely because he has a larger stock of information to draw upon and a more active imagination. There may be some truth in his accounts, but just what is the truth the court will have extreme difficulty in learning. However, if reports are true, the science of evidence isn't studied much in Russia. The doctor will probably be put to death or given a sentence of long imprisonment. In this country he would prove a few days' sensation and then would be placed in his right niche—the place for monumental liars.

DECENT IMPULSES.

The report of the committee on naval affairs of the house of representatives covering the examination of Robert E. Peary's claims has been sent out as a separate leaflet. It contains a fair story of the journey to the North Pole, cites the honors which have been given by private organizations in this country and abroad and the recommendation for promotion and retirement. The report is entirely complimentary to the explorer. No doubts whatever are expressed therein as to the pole having been reached and the title to rewards is plainly set forth. The strange thing about this document is that it publishes not a word of the offensive baiting the members of the committee indulged in when Peary was examined. It shows no sign whatever of the discourtesy to which the commander was subjected, the vulgar accusations and the pompous assumption of superior learning on the part of some of the examiners. This is all very excellent. It indicates that members of congress can occasionally act upon the decent impulses which attend on shame.

THE HOME-COMERS.

One of the reasons for the contempt in which the Chinaman is held in this country is the fact that he clings to the customs to which he was born. He is slow to adopt the dress of the westerner and, even then, he compromises upon a hybrid costume. He seldom learns a foreign language well. He rules his household according to the Asiatic code and lives within his home seemingly very much as his father lived in his. Yet the emigrant Chinaman has received impressions. He has learned to like new habits though he doesn't show it. This information is to be obtained, not from the calm, mysterious sojourner, but from a consular report to Washington. Parts of that report are worth reprinting:

It is openly stated that a new Chiness city, with all foreign comforts, as it is intended to make Heungechow, will be a great attraction to many wealthy Chinese immigrants, who are averse to returning to their own country and making their homes in an ordinary Chinese city or village for the reason that, owing to their long residence in foreign countries, they have acquired foreign habits, likings and tastes. The promoters' scheme is a most ambitious one. The scheme allows for a well laid-out city, with broad streets and foreign buildings for shops and residences, which is to be governor by a municipal council; it also provides for schools, charitable institutions, police and fire stations, theatre, public gardens, electric light and trama, waterworks, afforestation, chamber of commerce, free libraries, and, in fact, everything thay may tend to public good. Opium smoking and gambling of all sorts are to be strictly prohibited.

The Californian, seeking to teach the Oriental the ways of the Occidental, was once wont to use a club upon him. He was never sure at that that the Chinaman had gathered wisdom and certainly his immobile countenance didn't show it. Just the same, he appears to have been impressed. He balks at living in the old Chinese way.

CHEMICAL DEVELOPMENT

What will the automobilists do for power when the oil refineries, having no more raw materials to refine, can no longer meet the demand for gasoline? Mr. Edison says that electricity will furnish the power, but propulsion by storage batteries has many disadvantages which have not yet been overcome and in spite of improvement still keep their sale out of competition with gasoline driven mechanism. Chemists have said that the answer will be alcohol. When industry makes use of a thousand waste products, when the farmers erect stills as they now build silos, there will literally be alcohol to burn and the power for automobiles will be assured so long as motor cars exist.

Phosphate rock, suitable for fertilizing purposes, is playing out. The great beds, under government ownership are said to be low grade and not available. The nitrate beds of Chili are being exhausted. Yet the demand for commercial fertilizers increases and must necessarily increase as the old natural soils are looted of their fertility. Where will the fertilizer of the future come from? The chemists have again made answer. The nitrogen of the air will be utilized. Ways have already been found for forcing this inert element to combine with tangible material. When these methods are cheapened—and that has been promised—every agriculturist may have his own fertilizer mill, his own chemical factory, and be fully insured against loss of soil value.

The United States has beheld a tremendous development of the mechanical arts. It has led the world in the discovery of the marvelous forces of electricity. But in learning chemical secrets we have been distanced by Great Britain and have lagged immeasurably behind Germany. That way lies the new source of prosperity and comfort.

THE MAGAZINES AND POSTAL REFORM.

The opposition of the cheap magazines to President Taft, which began to make itself manifest within the first few weeks of his administration, will be fanned into open warfare should the house of representatives, following the action of the senate, pass the bill which will fix an increased postal charge upon the advertising pages of periodicals. It is now two years since this increase was proposed. In the meantime there has been a tremendous output of the nonsense about the "tax on literature," "fetters upon popular reading," "special privileges for newspapers."

The senate bill makes exemption for scientific publications and for those of learned societies, educational institutions and fraternal and labor organizations, few of which are conducted for profit and some of which are entirely unprofitable. The tax is not on literature, but constitutes a price for a concession long enjoyed, whereby Uncle Sam distributed advertising at a large pecuniary loss to himself. There will be no limitation of popular reading, for the advertiser will be the one to pay the additional postage, not the magazine publisher. The "special privilege' for newspapers" complained of does not exist, since it is a fact well known that the newspaper transportation pays for itself, being for the most part over short and strictly limited distances.

HAITI.

An American, traveling in Haiti, was impressed by the remarkable contrasts in the treatment of the Haitians and that of their brothers on the continent. There was none of that good humor so markedly and delightfully a characteristic of the negro in the United States. The Haitians were unfriendly, often hostile. They seemed to dislike talking, and when they sang, which was but seldom, the songs were rude, unmusical chanting with a weird undertone of mournfulness.

This curse of gloom would appear to explain the barbarian politics of the little republic. It accounts for the endless civil war, the acts of treachery and the brutal reprisals. The taint of savagery, running through the island population, is not the fierce primitiveness of the African forebears, but a sinister perversion of it, cruel, tiger-like and unrelenting in the impulses of revenge and malevolence. In the old slave davs in the south, the negro runaways who took to the swamps and the forests lost sometimes their semblance to humanity, became but beasts and, when brought back to the company of their fellows, often failed to regain their fondness for merriment. The people of Haiti, as they are described, have all fallen to this low and sorrowful state.

Interference with the government of Haiti, the cleaning up of the filthy cities and the bringing of enlightenment to the dwellers of the rich interior, are out of the question today. The United States is not only unwilling to undertake a task which would be so unremunerative to herself, but if she did so would be viewed with suspicion with the rest of the world. There must, of course, be interference some time, but it will probably be by joint forces supplied by several American republics, pledged not to exploit the island for aught except the peace of the world and the good of humanity.

DIRECTING IMMIGRATION

The people of the great plain of the Danube have tilled the soil and herded cattle and sheep and goats through generations going back to the dim period of the Aryan invasion. Hard work and life in the open air have made them a strong muscled, big-boned, enduring race. The grim struggle for existence has gleaned out the culls. No better illustration exists of the survival of the fittest.

These people have been coming to America in hordes. They have experienced the thrill at sight of the Statue of Liberty, welcoming and promising, dreamed their hours of hope and then taken train for the steel mill and coal mine districts. The breaking of instincts rooted to the earth, the swift transformation of this agricultural race into recruits for the most cruel labor upon the face of the earth, is as pitiful a tragedy as has been written upon the pages of our history. The country is not all to blame for this, for these folk have sought the places where they could obtain the quickest return for their toil and, having a tremendous capacity for work have given no thought to the drain upon their physique and the dangers of living in unwholesome ways. Secretary Nagel, of the department of commerce and labor, is now undertaking the task of closing the trail to the industrial sections and persuading the Hungarian immigrants to go to the agricultural districts. If he succeeds he will have performed a duty that long ago should have been discharged. He will have given the farmers a class of desirable labor and made it possible for the immigrants to do the best for themselves and for the new land to which they have come.

BANISHING THE EXCUSE.

A sensible explanation of the great stay-at-home vote of last fall recently made is that the distinction between the two big parties was too slight. Voters felt they would support men of the same type and with about the same set of principles whichever way the ballots were cast. They heard pleas and arguments so nearly alike that they had simply to choose between men. Some of the voters were disgusted. Others were merely canny, and saved themselves the effort of going to the polls.

Fortunately, there is little likelihood of such good excuses for not voting appearing again within a generation. The parties are now getting farther apart. The line of cleavage is becoming more distinct. There is talk of the formation of a National Democratic Progressive league for the purpose of coalescing with the progressive Republicans. The conservative Democrats and the conservative Republicans are now upon a perfect understanding. The Democratic party, with its present leadership, could absorb the stand-pat Republican forces and there would scarce be a single wry face over the change of names. It is all a matter of getting together. We believe the progressives of both parties will be together, perhaps by 1912, and certainly by 1914. The reactionaries will have even less difficulty in amalgamating.

AERIAL ADVANTAGES.

An aeronaut in France, looking for a good place upon which to alight, finally picked out a picnic party, and with good judgment as concerned his own welfare. A birdman in Indiana was less fortunate in having selected telegraph wires to break his fall. They broke both his machine and him. In Houston, Tex., the other day an aeroplane rammed a trolley car, and thus was brought to earth quite effectively.

More and more interesting possibilities of aerial navigation are displayed. The automobile can do some really very wonderful things when it comes to making a sudden halt. But it is a poor, sadly restricted bit of mechanism in this regard as compared with the flying machine. The number of methods by which the aeroplane can halt its course is amazing. The world has had a chance to observe only a few of these, but the glimpses suggest some marvelous collisions to be. Church steeples, grain elevators, city sky-scrapers, shot towers, water tanks, wind mills, mountain peaks and astronomical observatories represent only a few of the projecting surfaces suitable for stopping aerial propulsion. Things nearer the ground will, of course, not be despised. The domestic chimney might do quite as good work in this line as the factory chimney. We may expect to see the aeronaut gracefully sliding down a barber pole or gently disengaging himself from the thorns of a red-haw tree. The future of aeronautics holds a most interesting outlook.

COURT REFORMS.

Chief Justice Olson, of the Chicago Municipal Court, declares that reform of the judiciary must come from outside the court-room. The court itself will not voluntarily put reform into effect. Because, he said:

1. The lawyer, like the man in any other profession, likes to keep on doing things in the accustomed way, and is naturally opposed to changes.

2. The more experienced the lawyer is, the less inclined he feels to surrender the advantage which his experience gives him through his command of all the technicalities of procedure. Were the procedure simplified he feels instinctively that a large share of the benefits of his costly education and experience would be wasted.

The busy lawyer dislikes the idea of having to master a new procedure. He thinks he can't spare the time from his practice to learn.

It may be said of all matters needing a course of housecleaning and disinfection that the agitation for reform will not come until there is public pressure behind it. An orator might howl his life away for a cause and never gain a glimmer of hope for it if the public merely looks upon him as a curiosity. The tipping hold-up, the motor-speed maniac, the yellow newspaper, the hair-splitting jurist, will all survive until the people as one voice demand the end of them. Then they will leap into oblivion.

MORE REPRESENTATIVES.

It was pure politics which caused the house of representatives to vote for an increase in membership. Reapportionment held out real or prospective advantages to one or the other of the two parties. A reduction in number of members might have changed the character of the deputation control. Many of the representatives were content with the present balance of forces, but they were outvoted by those who took a speculative chance for political benefits.

It is to be regretted that the constitution had not provided better means for fixing the number of members of the lower house. There is no hope to be found among the representatives for remedying the cumbersome machinery. The house must continue to be more and more difficult of conducting, more and more like a street crowd and less and less like a group of dignified gentlemen gathered together for the purpose of doing good for their counary. Committee rule is notoriously inadequate in private business. When the committee acquires a membership of 433 the legislation may be counted upon to be mediocre when not actually bad. There is no reason why present congressmen should not represent a far larger constituency than they do. The work would be little more and the country as a whole woudd be better for it.

The congressman who is credited with saying that his constituents worry him more than his conscience doesn't talk like a man who takes himself too seriously.

The German army is experimenting with illuminated bullets. To be able to tell whether they are going or coming ought to be an advantage.

One professor predicts a race of bald-headed women. Some college professors can never think of anything pleasant to predict.

Suffragettes declare that kissing is unsanitary and meaningless. Just for that let's agree never to kiss a suffragette.

Some people would rather be prepared to repeat the Ten Commandments than to keep them.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

WHEN A WOMAN CHASED A PROPHET

International Sunday School Lesson for Feb. 19 Is "Elijah's Flight and Return." I. Kings 18:41; 19:21.

By WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

The blue devils generally come sneaking along in the trail of the bright angels of success. Dejection follows hard upon elation. "The day after" is a well understood proverbial phrase; reaction comes after action and in corresponding degree. The story of Elijah, when he turned tail and ran from Queen Jezebel, squares with the well understood laws of psychology. That the man who had fearlessly defied King Ahab and the 450 priests of Baal, and the whole back-slidden nation of Israel, should flee like a craven from a woman's threats, is quite comprehensible. Look in the next morning upon the man who has made a great speech, and you will find him vowing to take to the plough and never encumber a public platform again.

Shall we therefore say that we belong to the goodly fellowship of the prophets when we are discouraged? Or shall we rather say that the prophets at times join the unlovely fellowship of the blue funks? Because downheartedness is common it is not therefore right. There is in man the capacity to overcome natural tendencies. Elijah was his worse and weaker self when he went scooting over the desert like a rock partridge. He should have stayed and had it out with Jezebel to the betterment of the future history of Israel. The man who submits to, or runs from, a nagging wife is only multiplying troubles for her, for himself and for the family. Difficulties and dangers, little and big, are best met squarely front face.

The Men Who Give Up.

Happy is the man who has never sat under a juniper tree and wished to die. The public prints tell of a long list of suicides—and how many of them are attributable to some Jezebel! But they do not record the far longer roll of those who would take the same route out of their troubles if their moral sense would permit. Many of these are the apparently successful, and the leaders of their fellows. A famous preacher committed suicide not long ago; "melancholia," a form of insanity, it was charitably called, those near to the facts understand it as a case of Elijah's juniper tree over again.

A whole school of "cheer-up" literature has been brought into being by the day's epidemic of despair. It has done good, but on the whole it is too thin. The mere exhortation to a man to look on the bright side of things, when his eyes can find no bright side, is not going to transform him. Nor will mere forced cheerfulness suffice. A joke book is poor medicine for a man whose soul is nigh unto death. Bairnly songs about sunshine will not do, either.

Two Cures for the Blues.

Elijah and all who follow in his train, need several things. One is less self-centeredness. There is a sense in which some persons are given to overmuch introspection. "Weren't you nervous?" his mother asked a little boy who had performed creditably in an entertainment. "No, I was too busy thinking about my part to think about myself." That is it, forget yourself, and remember your work. It is bad to take one's self too seriously. The persons are uninformed and small-visioned who cry, "Never was sorrow like untomy sorrow." Probably that smiling man across the way has plumbed depths of grief your never suspected, and is carrying a burden inconceivable to you. When Elijah cried, "I even I only, am left," the Lord rebuked his pious egotism by mentioning 7,000 who had never bowed the knee to Baal.

Another cure for discouragement administered to Elijah was a reminder of the omnipotence of Jehovah. Faith in God is the best remedy for the blues yet discovered. Lonely? God is near. Hungry? God has ministering angels even in the desert places. Afraid? God has re-enforcements which he has never yet called into play. Is some Jezebel in the place of power? Jehovah is on the throne of heaven. Weary? God provides rest here and hereafter for the disciple who does not grow panic-stricken or lose his faith. Incompetent? God has never yet clearly called a person to a work for which he has not provided the equipment. Discouraged? Perhaps that is really only the loss of some wholesome conceit, and now there will be room for saner thoughts of God's place and power, his greatness and glory. In a word, when cast down, look up.

In Wilderness and Mountain.

In extremities, the city man takes to the city, the wilderness man to the wilderness. Instinctively, when he fled from Jezebel, Elijah turned to the wilderness, which is nowhere very far from Palestine. On the edge of the desert grows the needle-leaved juniper tree; I have seen many large enough to afford a man shelter from the sun, and have myself rested in their shade. The panic-stricken prophet lay down here on the ground, for he commonly slept on the ground, or at best, upon the floor. The real "simple life" is that of the desert rover. Here, apart from men, in the spirit-stimulating solitudes, the Lord ministered to his soul, by giving him a square meal. Many pessimistic persons think they are "spiritual" when they are only dyspeptic; they flatter themselves that their souls are in ferment when really it is merely that their stomachs are out of order. Enough sleep and a leisurely dinner will turn more than one pessimist into an optimist. After a quiet, restful time under the juniper tree Elijah was made fit for the long desert trip to Horeb, or Sinai. I know the joy he felt as his own legs carried him buoyantly over those flinty solitudes.

The very idea of a solitary walk to Sinai strikes horror into those of us who have been debilitated by our steam-heated civilization. I confess to having been of those who attempted to dissuade a pligrim, a Russian army officer whom I met in a city east of the Jordan, not far from Jericho, from attempting this journey afoot. But he had already walked from Russian Turkestan, and ere this, I hope, has passed through all desert dangers to his goal. Elijah went to Sinai, where he made himself at home in a cave, and down in that latitude a cave is a by no means uncomfortable abode. He wanted to lead his congenial hermit life on the mountain of God, where the sacred memories of the place would be his meditation and there would be no Jezebel to disturb him. In sanctimonious selfishness he meant to spend he remainder of his days an unproductive recluse. But God's idea of a career is not the solitary, but the social, one.

A Man Off His Job.

"What dost thou here, Elijah?" came the reproachful inquiry from God. No amount of piety or escticism or monastic life can atone for running away from one's own proper work. Elijah's place was not down in the mountain of God, in the desert, but up north in the thick of things, where Jezebel raged, and Baalites plotted, and Israel backslid, and the godly wavered. There were real tasks for Elijah, and he had no business to be off in a hermit's cell, eating his own heart.

So the Lord gave him an object lesson of the forces he had at his command, wind, earthquake, fire. But mightier than these was "the sound of a gentle stillness," the voice whereby God speaks to the spirits of his own. The "still small voice" of the Spirit is greater than any of the forces of nature or of man. That is what the prophet should have been heeding all the while.

So back to his work he was sent, even to the thronging city of Damascus, and to the fertile plains of Israel. There were two kings and a prophet to be annointed; what business had God's man to be croaking about the danger to his life? Let a man do his work, and if death comes thereby, let him rejoice that he has died as a man, rather than lived as a craven.

There is a characteristically oriental touch to the call of Elijah. He was found ploughing with 12 yoke of oxen, side by side, yet one slightly in advance of another, even as may be seen to this day in Syria. The ploughs are of wood, such as are in common use in Syria, and when the young man realized, after a blunder, the full significance of the great moment that had come to him, he promptly made a fire of the ploughs and yokes and sacrificed two of the oxen, as an offering to God. He saw that an occasion or crisis had arrived, and he recognized it fittingly. He put God's call first, which was just what his new master had for the moment failed to do.

Church a Playroom.

St. Paul Dispatch.

Before the appointed hour of 9 o'clock the other morning the doors of the Central Park Methodist Episcopal church were open for the convenience of the boys and girls of St. Paul who desire to take advantage of the games distributed by the Thursday club. Piled on the shelves of one of the classrooms were more than 1,000 sets of games, and Miss Helen Swanstrom stood ready to hand them out to the first comers.

The boys and girls who came were overjoyed at the information that they would be allowed to make use of the games right there in the church. They were glad, too, that the rooms would be open from 7 until 9:30 o'clock every evening, except Saturday and Sunday evenings, when games will be given out for use in the church, but not for carrying home. Games for home use may be taken out any time on any Saturday from 9 a. m. till 4 p. m.

Varieties

In Russia cigarettes are used more widely than cigars.

A meteor whose weight is estimated at fifty tons recently fell in Mexico.

Eight years are required to bring the average cocoanut tree into bearing.

A Hastings (Mich.) man goes to jail rather than pay a judgment of 6 cents.

The population of Japan is increasing at a rate of about half a million a year.

Russia planted 240,419,396 acres in grain last year, the largest acreage in its history.

Municipal tramways of the United Kingdom employ more than sixty thousand persons.

Germany's fresh water pearl fisheries in the White Eister are threatened with extinction.

California furnishes about three-fourths of the quicksilver produced in the United States.

Today African Moslems number nearly sixty million, about one-third of the total population.

Prices paid to Argentina cattle raisers have been rising steadily for the last twenty-five years.

The average child of six years uses fewer than four hundred words in his daily conversation.

In London 800,000,000 eggs are consumed yearly; these weigh 60,000 tons and cost the eaters £4,000,000.

So-called burglar proof glass, made in France, withstands revolver bullets and blows from a mallet.

Cows are tenderly cared for in Holland. They are blanketed in damp or cold weather in the pastures.

The Malayan peninsula is prosperous. In the quarter ended September 30, 1910, imports increased by $7,000,000.

The British mint recently turned out its first square coins—five cent nickel bronze pieces for use in Ceylon.

Washington's birthday anniversary has been designated as Bill Nye day in the public schools in North Carolina.

Arizona, California, New Mexico, Utah and Washington materially increased their production of silver last year.

A Frenchman used a large stone jar for a pillow, explaining that it was not hard because he had stuffed it full of hay.

Scientists are demonstrating that nearly 50 per cent. of our bodily ills are caused by mental worries and hysteria.

Siberian horses are sturdy. Journeys of thousands of miles have been made at the rate of forty miles a day by their riders.

Singapore within a few years will have one of the greatest harbors in the world. Nearly $14,000,000 more is to be spent on it.

Vienna's new aqueduct for water supply is costing $18,000,000 and will serve about one million three hundred thousand people.

A simple test for the purity of sugar is to burn it. If pure, fire will entirely consume it; if adulterated, it will leave an ash.

The Chinese army advisory board is planning a complete survey of the entire empire for general as well as military purposes.

A combined fork and shovel has been invented by a Washington man, the scoop that forms the latter implement being removable.

Some predictions of our future population have placed it much higher than 160,000,000 for 1950, one making as high as 200,000,000.

In Korea private schools are being rapidly replaced by public schools under the gradual spread of the new educational system there.

The flowers of many trees, like the oak, elm and hickory, are so inconspicuous that they are popularly supposed to be altogether lacking.

The Ginnelle lock on the Seine is so constructed that one man can open or shut it by touching an electric button as he sits in his office.

The Italian government is fostering experiments in the raising of cotton in that country, which now imports more than $50,000,000 worth each year.

M. Lewis Lapicque, in an interesting communication to the French Academie des Sciences, claims to demonstrate that large eyes indicate a big brain.

The world's gold output has reached an average of about $1,250,000 for each day of the year, and of that total the Transvaal mines furnish one-third.

The rainiest place on the continent of Europe so far as meteorological records show is Crkvice, in the mountains of Dalmatia, back of the Bay of Cattaro.

Consul Holder is of the opinion that American coal mine owners ought to sell much coal to France, distributing it in that country by canal from Rouen.

According to Vice-Consul Stadden, of Manzanillo, Mexico, an American has discovered in that district a tree, a vine and three plants which yield crude rubber.

Chilian forests contain immense quantities of timber suitable for wood pulp, for the possession of which French, German and American firms are now competing.

To test the speed of projectiles driven by modern high-power explosives a scientist has perfected a chronoscope which measures time to the millionth of a second.

The island of Margarita, on the north coast of and belonging to Venezuela, has a population of sixty thousand, who subsist principally by its pearl and other fisheries.

Hamburg is importing from Africa substitutes for ivory nuts, which, although inferior in quality, are used in the button industry because of their cheapness.

A bakery has been recently put into operation in Glasgow in which all the processes of making the dough and shaping the loaf are done automatically by electricity.

Students in the technical school at Northampton, England, one of the manufacturing centers for boots and shoes, get a thorough course in leather and footwear manufacture.

To make a barber's work less laborious there has been patented a stool made of a bicycle saddle, supported by a light upright mounted on wheels and designed to swing around a chair.

The tunnel under the Seine for the metropolitan railway of Paris when completed will be the largest subriver tunnel in the world. The work is being done by American engineers.

The "silent telephone" is a novel contrivance. A hood is arranged over the instrument, and into it the face of the person closely fits to prevent possible listeners from hearing the conversation.

Here is a Portuguese bull: In offering a reward for the recovery of the corpse of a drowned man, his relatives remarked that the deceased might be identified, if found, by a slight impediment in his speech.

Most of the Canadian steamers on the Pacific are being converted into oil burners. It is also intimated that the locomotives of the Pacific division of the Canadian Pacific railroad may be converted to burn oil.

Vines grow at the height of 2,380 feet above the level of the sea, trees at 6,700 feet, shrubs at 8,500 feet, a few plants at 10,500 feet, and higher than this are found a few lichens. Vegetation ceases entirely at about 11,000 feet.

No fewer than 2,947,100,000 letters were received by the population of the United Kingdom during the year 1909-10, an average of 65 communications a head. These figures show a remarkable increase in the course of 15 years.

Quick Relief From Catarrh

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way, and It Costs Nothing to Try.

Those who suffer from catarrh know its miseries. There is no need of this suffering. You can get rid of it by a simple, safe, inexpensive home treatment discovered by Dr. Blosser, who, for over thirty-six years has been treating catarrh successfully.

His treatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salve, cream, or inhaler, but is a more direct and thorough treatment than any of these. It cleans out the head, nose, throat and lungs so that you can again breathe freely and sleep without that stopped-up feeling that all catarrh sufferers have. It heals the diseased mucous membranes and arrests the foul discharge, so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting, and at the same time it does not poison the system and ruin the stomach, as internal medicines do.

If you want to test this treatment without cost, send your address to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 254 Walton street, Atlanta, Ga., and he will send you by return mail enough of the medicine to satisfy you that it is all he claims for it as a remedy for catarrh, catarrhal headaches, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis, colds and all catarrhal complications. He will also send you free an illustrated booklet. Write him immediately.

HAVE YOU TRIED PAXTINE

The Great Toilet Germicide?

You don't have to pay 50c or $1.00 a pint for listerian antiseptics or peroxide. You can make 16 pints of a more cleansing, germicidal, healing and deodorizing antiseptic solution with one 25c box of Paxtine—a soluble antiseptic powder, obtainable at any drug store.

Paxtine destroys germs that cause disease, decay and odors—that is why it is the best mouth wash and gargle, and why it purifies the breath, cleanses and preserves the teeth better than ordinary dentifrices, and in sponge bathing it completely eradicates perspiration and other disagreeable body odors. Every dainty woman appreciates this and its many other toilet and hygienic uses.

Paxtine is splendid for sore throat, inflames eyes and to purify mouth and breath after smoking. You can get Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic at any drug store, price 25c and 50c, or by mail postpaid from the Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass., who will send you a free sample if you would like to try it before buying.

FREE Sample

The Secret of the Indian

DESTROY YOUR SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

without Injury—Burn—Scar or even irritating the most delicate skin. Do it quickly and permanently with "SEE-HAIR-GO." One application often sufficient. Free Sample to prove. Send 2-ct stamp to help pay postage. Did you ever see an Indian with a beard? You must keep a pretty Face—pleasing Bust and feminine neck and arms. It is decidedly to your advantage, socially and in a business way. Don't be shunned and made a wall-flower. If you desire, send $1.00 for full treatment and if it does not do all we claim and remove any hair at once, your money will be refunded. This is fair. ME-DA-WIN MFG. CO., 5057 Indiana Ave., Dept. 135, Chicago, Ill.

FAT FOLKS

Give me your name and address and I will tell you how to reduce your bust, waist and hips without starving. Results Guaranteed.

Mrs. G. M. Greising, 511 Main St., Toledo, O.

LEG SORES

Cured by ANTI-FLAMMA Poultice Plaster. Stops the itching around sore. Cures while you work. DESCRIBE CASE and get FREE SAMPLE. Bayles Co., 1817 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

LADIES WHY SUFFER?

Orange Lily cured me of painful periods, Leucorrhea, Ulceration and other irregularities after I had been given up to die. To any suffering lady I will send a 50 cent package of this wonderful remedy FREE. Send at once to

MRS. C. C. FRETTER, Box 306, DETROIT, MICH.

FITS CURED NO CURE, NO PAY—in other words you do not pay our small professional fee until cured and satisfied. German-American Institute, 951 Grand Ave. Kansas City, Mo.

SECRETS FOR WOMEN in our catalog of RUBBER NECESSITIES, TOILET SUPPLIES. Send 2c stamp. Fairbank Supply House, AN-60 Wabash Av., Chicago

TAPE-WORM EXPELLED WITH HEAD. WRITE FOR BOOKLET. BYRON FIELD & CO. 183 STATE ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

FREE Future, past, present revealed; cause of failure and key to success can be given. Three 2c stamps and birthdate gets free reading. Can astonish you. Madam Irene, 115 Second st., Kewanee, Ills.

GET MARRIED Matrimonial paper with advertisements of marriageable people from all sections, rich, poor, old, young, Protestants, Catholics, etc., mailed sealed free. D. G. GUNNELS, Toledo, Ohio.

MARRY Catalogue, with hundreds of photos and descriptions FREE. Pay if suited. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 46, TEKONSHA, MICHIGAN.

MARRY BEST PLAN ON EARTH, sent FREE PHOTOS OF EVERY LADY MEMBER. THE PILOT, Dept. 39, Marshall, Mich.

Marry RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (sealed) Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

MARRY WEALTH AND BEAUTY. Marriage Directory FREE. Pay when married. New Plan, Box 314 Y. H., Kansas City, Mo.

DO YOU WANT TO MARRY? If so, send 10 cents for our pamphlet containing 10 rules to observe in winning a husband. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope to P. O. Box 217, Peoria, Ills.

Ladies when delayed or irregular use Triumph Pills. Always dependable. "Relief" and particulars free. Write National Medical Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

SECRETS on Dice, Cards, Slotmachines, etc., illustrated circular free. Ham. B. Co., Box 1620, Hammond, Ind.

LLOYD-GEORGE HOME—IS ILL

London, Feb. 13.—David Lloyd George, chancellor of the exchequer, returned to England today from Naples, where he has spent the last few weeks in the hope of regaining his health. The chancellor has not yet completely recovered from his illness, and will spend the coming week at Brighton.

Don't Wear a Truss

FREE STUART'S PLAS TR PADS are different from the painful truss, being made self adhesive purposely to hold the rupture in place without straps, buckles or springs—cannot slip, so cannot chafe or compress against the pelvic bone. The most obstinate cases cured in the privacy of the home. Thousands have successfully treated themselves without hindrance from work. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive. Process of cure is natural, so no further use for trusses. We prove what we say by sending a Trial of Plapao absolutely FREE. Write name on coupon and mail TODAY. Address—

STUART'S ADHESIVE PLAS-TR-PAD

PATENTED SEPT 12 1908

TRIAL OF PLAPAO

PLAPAO LABORATORIES, Block 38, St. Louis, Mo.

Name .....

Address .....

Return mail will bring Free trial Plapao.....

THREATEN MINE STRIKE

Coal Industry in Ohio and Other States May Be Tied Up.

Canton, Feb. 11.—A tie-up of the mining industry in Ohio and other states, throwing over 200,000 men out of employment and jeopardizing the business interests of many coal companies, is imminent as a result of a deadlock growing out of differences in the Tuscarawas-Sherrodsville district.

The climax came late yesterday, when Thomas L. Lewis, of Bridgeport, president of the United Mine Workers of America, threatened to cause a suspension of mining in all districts where stock is owned by operators involved in the Tuscarawas-Sherrodsville district.

President Lewis issued his ultimatum when the operators and miners' representatives of the Tuscarawas-Sherrodsville district failed to agree after a two-day session and when there was no prospect of their reaching a settlement.

Fifth Settlement Attempt.

The conference here was the fifth attempt since last June to adjust differences over the wage scale, during which time mines in the district have been idle.

President Lewis told the operators and miners that the international board of United Mine Workers, at a session in Columbus last Friday, gave him authority to order a strike in any state where stock is owned by operators of the Tuscarawas district if the difficulty here was not settled. This statement, coupled with additional assertions by President Lewis, was regarded as a threat by the operators at the session and they so declared themselves.

"We will give you until next Wednesday to adjust differences. Sleep over this declaration," President Lewis told the operators.

"We don't need until Wednesday to sleep over the threat," answered J. J. Roby, a Cleveland operator. "We are prepared to answer now."

Declares Break Is Final.

Mr. Roby then said the operators would not agree to the proposed terms and that other operators expressed the same sentiment.

C. L. Cassingham, of Cleveland, president of the Central Operators' association, said last night that President Lewis was playing politics and that the existing trouble was due to that cause.

"Lewis is bluffing and I don't believe he will call a strike," said Mr. Cassingham. "The operators are prepared to furnish Mr. Lewis at any time a list of all stockholders in this district who own stock in mining companies in other territory.

"We will not give in under the terms asked if it takes eight years. The operators are united in this stand. We don't believe Lewis would be upheld in trying to involve other districts in a strike because of our connections here. If Lewis does as he threatens, over 200,000 miners will be called out. The miners have refused to discuss the difficulties on their merits."

Other operators said Lewis, who is soon to retire from office is attempting to embarrass his successor politically by his move here.

SYLLABLE TYPEWRITER NOW

Saves Much Time and Calls for No Special Skill.

London, Feb. 13.—The latest development in connection with the typewriter is a machine to print syllables of two and three letters by a single pressure of the key—a time-saving device that will meet with great favor in all business houses.

This invention calls for no special skill on the part of the operator. There is the ordinary standard keyboard, but the keys can be extended to 60 or more.

When the operator has become used to the position of the syllables and has memorized them, it is clear that typing will be a more rapid process. For instance, for the word "accountant," it is only necessary to depress four keys instead of 10, as on an ordinary machine; "disunion" is written by means of three keys instead of eight; "misfortune" and "permission" also require only four keys each.

The machine possesses a unique pawl and escapement wheel, so arranged that when a syllable key is depressed the carriage "jumps" a space equal in length to the syllable. The type strikes the ribbon through a metal guide, thus insuring perfect alignment.

SINGS AS SURGEONS SLASH

Girl Under Anesthetic Jokes as Appendix Is Cut.

Philadelphia, Feb. 13.—While Dr. W. Wayne Babcock, at the Samaritan hospital operated on 16-year-old Edna Ford, an Atlantic City girl, for the removal of the appendix, the girl exchanged witty repartee with the nurses and surgeons grouped about the operating table, and finally burst into song.

The young patient was under the influence of novatain, an anesthetic which is the private prescription of Dr. Babcock, and similar to stovaine, the anesthetic used by Dr. Jonnesco, famous Roumanian surgeon, which paralyses the sense of feeling, but does not make the patient unconscious.

Physicians who were present at the operation say's that while the girl gave one of the most marvelous demonstrations of nerve that they have ever witnessed in a surgical ward, the operation also was a triumph for the anesthetic, which injected into the spine destroys the sense of pain, but permits the patient to laugh and chat with the surgeons as they wield the knife.

NUN CALMLY FACES BURGLAR

With Pistol Pointed at Sister Agatha He Flees.

New York, Feb. 13.—While the Sisters of St. Dominick, whose home is at Weehawken, N. J., were at their devotions in St. Lawrence's church nearby, Sister Agatha, who was alone in the house, heard a noise on the second floor.

As Sister Agatha opened the door of a front room a man, shabbily dressed and wearing a black slouch hat, was searching a bureau drawer. While she was calmly regarding the thief, he drew a revolver and pointing it at the nun threatened to kill her if she made an outcry.

With the revolver still leveled at her, the man backed to a window, through which he climbed to the roof of a porch. From this he jumped to the ground and disappeared. He took with him $15.75 belonging to one of the sisters.

Flatulency or Wind On Stomach

As It Is Commonly Named, Means That Decaying Food Is Making Gas.

This most serious condition is very prevalent and results most distressingly and fatally oftentimes. The stomach in cases of flatulency is unable to digest the food properly. Decay sets in, gases form, extend the stomach, force their way downward into the bowels, and if not relieved it extends upward pressing against the lungs, liver and heart, causing shortness of breath, belching, foul odors and many times sudden death.

Foods which are filled with gases, when taken into a deranged stomach cause flatulency rapidly, vegetables being especially given to this quality. Against such a condition the stomach can do but little, because these foul and poisonous gases affect its glands, muscles and tissues to such a degree as to incapacitate it almost at once.

These gases distend the stomach in all directions, preventing the contracting muscles from doing their regular duties, or if they do force the gas from the stomach it goes elsewhere in the system with even more harassing results, and then the decaying mass still remains to generate more gases.

The most effective methods for allaying flatulency is to remove the cause of gas making. An emetic will do this but the stomach will have the same trouble the moment new food enters it.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets get at gas food at once, digest it, prevent decay, quickly reduce food to nourishment, make good rich gastric fluid and pass the digested food to the intestines, giving the stomach its rest and the system its nourishment. Flatulency simply cannot exist where these little tablets are used. They build up the stomach fluids so that it matters not how many vegetables you eat or food containing quantities of gas, the stomach does its work well and quickly.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold everywhere and used the whole world over by sick stomachs and stomachs that want to eat heartily and yet not get sick.

Every druggist carries Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, price 50 cents per box. The demand for these little digesters is constantly increasing. Forty thousand physicians in America and Canada use them and prescribe them. Send your name and address and we will send you a trial package by mail free. Address F. A. Stuart Co., 332 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

REBEL CHIEFS AT ODDS

Mexican Revolt Hampered by Leaders' Differences.

El Paso, Tex., Feb. 11.—In default of war's alarms here, it was interesting to learn by wire from New York today that Orozco had been deposed and General Soto appointed to his job. Soto simply has taken the field with another army of a couple of hundred men, and that is all there is to this report.

Blanco is still playing his hand alone and yesterday undid much of the work that had been done to repair the railways. Construction crews went out on the Northwestern and National railways today, but came back. They did not see any insurrectos, but they remembered a maverick car of dynamite lost somewhere by Samalayuca and thought of home and mother.

No one is in command of the insurrecto generals, not even the local junta nor "President" Madera, who continues to be "held by his friends" down in Coahuila state.

This is a go-as-you-pease, catch-as-catch-can war game, and as long as it so continues Madera will have no capital from which to declare his pocket legislation.

Barring a miracle of military intelligence besetting the insurrectors' generals, Juarez is safe from capture. But the border will be ravaged and commerce stopped for many months to come because President Diaz and the "Scientificos" will neither put up a crushing fight nor compromise.

Orozco is said to be about 25 miles south of here. General Blanco, who dislikes Orozco as heartily as Orozco does him, is busting the railways.

Navarro is at San Jose, 73 miles south of here, according to railway information, and is building bridges as he comes. He is also impressing section hands and laborers wherever he can catch them.

GIRLS ARE MOSTLY DEFORMED

Chicago, Feb. 9.—That 75 out of every 100 young women who entered the University of California had curvature of the spine and 20 per cent were flat-footed was the declaration of Professor Walter E. Magee, head of the department of physical culture, before the board of education. He said that the average would hold for the women of the graduating classes of the high schools of the state. These defects he attributed to bad posture both in sitting and standing, and to faulty customs.

WHEELBARROW BRIDAL TOUR

Carmi, Ill., Feb. 11.—Getting married proved an exciting experience for John A. Smith and Miss Flossie Hale today. Friends of Smith, who is a newspaper man, escorted the couple to Main street, placed them together in a wheelbarrow and pushed them the entire block to an ice cream stand, where Smith was forced to settle for the drinks for everybody.

"I Suffered Intense Pains in My Left Side."

Do you realize it is better to be safe than sorry, that it is the best policy to lock the stable door before the horse is stolen?

Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy

cured Mrs. C. C. Gokey, of a stubborn case of heart disease, such as thousands are now suffering with. Read what she says:

"Before I began taking Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy I had been suffering from heart trouble for over five years. I had grown so weak that it was impossible for me to do thirty minutes work in a whole day. I suffered intense pains in my left side and under the left shoulder blade, I could not sleep on the left side, and was so short of breath that I thought I should never be able to take a full breath again. The least excitement would bring on the most distressing palpitation. I had scarcely taken a half-bottle of the Heart Remedy before I could see a marked change in my condition. I began to sleep well, had a good appetite, and improved so rapidly that when I had taken six bottles I was completely cured.

MRS. C. C. GOKEY, Northfield, Vt.

If you have any of the symptoms Mrs. Gokey mentions, it is your duty to protect yourself.

Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy.

is what you need. If the first bottle fails to benefit, your money is returned. Ask your druggist.

MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

TO SELL HER PALACE

Late C. T. Yerkes' Ward Puts Famous "House of Mystery" on Market.

New York, Feb. 11.—The gray stone mansion at 660 Park avenue, called by some "The House of Mystery," where for 10 years Charles T. Yerkes maintained in luxury his ward, Miss Emily B. Grigsby, is to be sold. Miss Grigsby will make her home in London. Her great social success there within the last year, it is said, has led her to abandon America. However, she is living in the Park avenue house while negotiations for its sale are under way.

Hamilton Busby, Miss Grigsby's lawyer, told a reporter today that after the sale she would leave America and would buy in London a far finer house than the one Yerkes built for her.

"Miss Grigsby has put a big price on the Park avenue place," said Busby, "and intends to get it. It may take a long time, but she is willing to wait."

Princely Luxury Shown.

The house was deeded to his ward by Yerkes on March 18, 1898. It is a great pile of gray stone and has an imposing approach of two flights of steps that lead to a glass and iron covered vestibule. The house stands 100 feet along Park avenue and 20 feet on Sixty-seventh street.

The interior is furnished with oriental splendor. The rich rugs, tapestries and marbles represent a lavish outlay. In the entrance hall, with its staircase carpeted in sage green velvet, are two huge oriental lamps, and the back wall is covered with costly Turkish tapestries.

To the left of the entrance is the drawing-room, artistically furnished in tan and gold. In this room is a golden piano and golden chairs, lamps and candelabra. The dining-room to the right is furnished in old oak and red. About the plate rail are silver plates of high value. All will be sold.

Secret Elevator There.

Upstairs is a vast chamber luxuriously appointed. Few have seen it. Behind one of the massive walls of the house is an elevator shaft running from this room to a place behind secret panels in the basement. One who knew the trick could push these panels aside, enter the car, close the panel, ride to the only outlet of the shaft and enter the upper room.

Because of the solitary life led by Miss Grigsby for a long time before and after the death of her guardian, the building got the name of "The House of Mystery." No one but her very few intimate friends was ever seen to enter.

When Busby was asked today about the rumored engagement of his client to the Prince Windschgratz of Hungary he denied she had any intention of marrying.

BERNHARDT LAUDS BIG CANAL

Actress Calls It Monument to Grit of Americans.

Washington, Feb. 8.—Madame Sarah Bernhardt, who was the guest of honor at the annual ladies' day reception at the National Press club today, lauded the construction of the Panama canal as a great achievement that "would be a monument to the energy and grit of the American people." She declared that inasmuch as she had gone to Panama with Count De Lesseps to celebrate the turning of the first sod for the canal, she desired to take part in the celebration in 1915 of the completion of the great waterway and would return to America at that time.

Madame Bernhardt was presented to the club by M. Jusserand, the French ambassador, who characterized her "as one of the imperishable glories of her country."

MRS. EDDY'S NEPHEW WILL SUE

George Baker to Seek $2,000,000 Residue of Estate.

Concord, N. H., Feb. 9.—Another complication in the contest over the disposal of the $2,000,000 residue of the estate of Mrs. Mary Baker Glover Eddy, founder of Christian Science, is threatened.

George W. Baker, of this city, son of a deceased brother of Mrs. Eddy, has given notice through his attorneys that on February 11 a petition will be filed in court asking permission for Mr. Baker to intervene in the suit now pending brought by George W. Glover, Mrs. Eddy's son, and Dr. E. J. Foster Eddy.

Mr. Baker's petition, his attorneys state, will be based on the claim that if the court shall declare Mrs. Eddy's bequest to the Christian Science "Mother Church" invalid the residuary estate will pass to him as next of kin, his contention being that George Glover and Dr. Foster Eddy forfeited their rights of inheritance when they signed a contract by which the "next friends" proceeding of 1907 against Mrs. Eddy was settled.

SNEEZE TIES UP CITY COUNCIL

Member Breaks Rib and Aldermen Are Deadlocked.

New Brunswick, N. J., Feb. 13.—A sneeze has tied up the city government of this place and interfered with the upkeep of the Pennsylvania railroad terminal in Jersey City. The sneezer is Edward Burt, president of the New Brunswick council, and general custodian of the terminal. Burt leaned against a chair for support when he felt the sneeze coming. When it came, the chair gave way and Mr. Burt, in falling, broke a rib. As a result the council, which with him has a Democratic majority of one, is deadlocked, six to six.

"APACHE" SILENT ON SLAYER

"I Don't Know," Tells Policeman as He Dies.

New York, Feb. 13.—Vincent Zito, alias Jimmy Dunn, a gambler, ex-pugilist, ex-convict and gang fighter, was shot and killed last night by two unknown men just as he stepped out of a billiard room in the Bronx. Four out of eight bullets fired at him took effect. A policeman who rushed up when he heard the shooting steadied the dying man and asked who shot him.

"You've got me, pal," said Zito, "I don't know."

The police believe the death was the outcome of a gang war.

CANCELS POLICIES IN MEXICO

Insurance Companies Scared by Revolution's Spread.

Laredo, Tex., Feb. 9.—Announcement is made today that three insurance companies doing an extensive business in Mexico would cancel all of their policies in the republic because of the present uprising.

TO YOU WHO ARE SICK

I Make the Fairest Offer That I Know

Let me say right here at the start that no money is asked or expected. I make this remarkable offer of my own free will and accord. I am financially able to do so. It is my way—the way I have chosen for doing good—the way I have thought out by which I can best send help and comfort, health and strength out into this world of so much sickness and suffering.

It is for you to accept or refuse, as you like.

For you to choose—whether your trouble, with all its pain, danger, fear and uncertainty shall continue—or whether it shall be taken away. But in the choosing remember this—health was God's most precious gift to you, and it is as much your duty to regain and keep it as to guard and protect your life.

Dirccting Specialist Clearwater

Who makes this generous offer.

What is my offer? you ask. Listen! In my thirty years' experience in medicine I have learned many strange things. For one thing, I've learned that Heart Disease kills more people every day than anything else on earth. I've also learned that Heart Disease hardly ever exists alone—by itself—That other organs—Stomach, Bowels Kidneys, Liver, Lungs, Sexual organs etc., are almost always affected too. Why?—Think for a minute and you'll answer the question yourself—It's because the Heart is the vital organ of the body—because it governs all the other organs, supplies EVERY organ—every Nerve, muscle and tissue with blood and life and power to do their work.

Stop the Heart's beat and death strikes instantly. You know that. And let the Heart get weak or wrong in any way and the whole system—the whole body, from Brain to tiniest blood vessel suffers too.

But, you say, I haven't any Heart trouble. My Heart is all right. Lots of people think and say the self-same thing. Why, only last week I had a pitiful, tear-stained letter from a little eleven-year-old girl out in Ohio, telling me how her mother fell dead the week before—yes, fell dead before her with the baby in her arms! Now, this woman thought her Heart was all right. She would not believe me—even refused to take the treatment or heed the warning and the good advice that I had sent her free!

Six people in every ten have Heart trouble, though many of them do not know it. 30,000 victims die of it in America every year. Think of it! And so I say, unless you are sure, unless you KNOW, for goodness' sake don't take any more chances—stop a bit right here and find out for a certainty just where you stand.

The Symptoms of Heart Disease

Are very plain when once they are known and understood. The great trouble is that most people don't know what the symptoms are—don't know what they mean when they have them. Another thing—A great many people are misled and deceived into thinking their trouble is something else. Thousands—perhaps you among them—are today doctoring the Stomach, Kidneys, Liver, Nerves or Sexual Organs for some supposed trouble, when all the time it's the Heart that's causing it all. In other words, you may be treating the symptoms and not the disease itself.

Following are the most common signs—the really sure symptoms of Heart Disease. Go over them carefully one by one and answer yes or no to each. That will tell the story:

Do you tire easily?
Do you have headaches?
Does your Heart Flutter?
Does it ever skip beats?
Does your Heart palpitate?
Do you start in your sleep?
Are you short of your breath?
Do you feel "weak and run down?"
Do you have numb or dizzy spells?
Do you have weak, sinking spells?
Are you Nervous and irritable?
Do your feet, legs or ankles swell?
Does your Stomach have an "allgone" feeling?
Have you pain in Heart, side or shoulder-blade?

Of course, no case has all—some of the very worst only a few. Therefore if you find that even one or two of them are YOUR symptoms, you should act at once, for you may be in grave danger. You know Heart Disease don't wait. It comes like a thief, develops quickly, and strikes without warning.

And Here Is My Offer.

If you have any of these symptoms, if you have reason to think that you have even the slightest Heart trouble, or weakness, write me now. I will send you free treatment and advice.

Or, again, if you have known for some time that you have Heart trouble or weakness, write me—even though your case is chronic, deep-seated, and has resisted treatment. Even though you may have been told that you cannot be cured—I urge you all the more strongly to write at once.—It is in just such stubborn "incurable" cases we have made the most remarkable cures.

The very day I hear from you I will send you by mail postpaid and securely sealed—

A Regular Full Free Treatment

for your case; a letter of advice explaining your whole case fully. Also a Medical Book that in plain words and with clear pictures tells all about your trouble. Explains about your Heart—what it does—how it works, and its relation to all the rest of your body. The book is valuable. Do not lose sight of this part of my offer. Many people, among them several physicians, say it's the best book of its kind ever written.

Remember, it is all free—the Book, the Letter of Advice, the full Course of Treatment. There are no "strings" to this offer. Neither is it a C. O. D. scheme or anything of the kind. I ask for no money—I send you no medicine expecting you to pay later. You bind yourself in no way. It is nothing but a genuine, generous, honest, free offer of help to the sick. I am making this same offer in some of the best papers in America besides The Toledo Weekly Blade, because it seems to me to be the best way to quickly get advice and help—this certain, effective treatment into the hands of every sufferer—everywhere.

To the skeptical—the doubters—the unbelievers—to those who think Heart trouble can't be cured—to those who forget that science is advancing, I say for your own good—yes, in simple fairness to yourself. Don't give up—Don't fail to get our advice and test our methods and treatment. It has cured—I don't mean just helped but **cured** thousands of cases, many of which had been pronounced hopeless.

I am particularly anxious to hear from those who aren't quite sure just what their trouble is—from those who are doctoring the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nerves, etc., but get a little or no better. In nine out of ten such cases the real trouble is with the Heart. Anyway, you will get the truth here—You will then know what to do.

The free course of treatment that we send will strengthen and regulate the Heart. It will tone up the Stomach, Kidneys and Liver. It will give strength and vitality to the Nerves and Nerve Centers and build up the whole system. Remember we make a specialty of treating Heart Disease and the other troubles that so often go with it. This is our life work—and all our knowledge and experience thus gained is yours gladly and freely just for the asking.

And so I say again, if you do need this help, you'd better send right now, for, of course, I cannot continue to make this offer indefinitely.

Free Treatment Coupon.

Directing Specialist, Clearwater.
Head of the Heart Cure Co.,
930 Masonic Bldg., Hallowell, Maine.

I have read your offer in The Toledo Weekly Blade:

Please send me the Free Treatment, the Book and Letter promised. It is agreed and understood I am to pay you nothing for all this either now or later.

My Age is.....

Name .....

Address .....

POPE SENDS HIS SYMPATHY

Message From Vatican on Archbishop Ryan's Death.

Philadelphia, Feb. 13.—Prayers for the repose of the soul of Archbishop Ryan were offered in every Roman Catholic church in this city Sunday while messages of sympathy were received by cable and telegraph from all parts of the world.

Bishop Pendergast last night received the following cable from the vatican at Rome: "The holy father is deeply affected by death of Airchbishop Ryan. Sends expressions of sincere sympathy."

(Signed) "Merry Del Val."

The Most Rev. Patrick John Ryan, archbishop of Philadelphia and metropolitan of Pennsylvania, died Saturday afternoon at 4:08 at the archiepiscopal residenec in this city.

The members of the immediate family of the archbishop were at the bedside when he passed away. They included his sisters, Mrs. Edward Bowen, of this city, and Mrs. James Maguire, of Boston.

The veneral prelate collapsed early in the day, but soon rallied. A few minutes after 3 o'clock the archbishop had another sinking spell and the priests, who were hearing confessions in the cathedral church, were sent for. They were all present when the end came.

Archbishop Ryan was born in the little town of Cloneyharp, near Thurles, in the County Tipperary of Ireland. As a child he was deeply religious and was in love with the mysterious and beautiful rites of the religion of his fathers. From his boyhood he felt called to the priesthood, and his natural, as well as his religious guardians, did nothing to stop his tendencies in that direction.

INDICT 41 VOTE SELLERS

Scioto County Grand Jury Makes Partial Report Today.

Portsmouth, Feb. 11.—The grand jury which has been investigating vote selling in Scioto county, returned 41 indictments today.

Nature's Remedy for

CONSTIPATION

Zaegel's Essence, made of roots and herbs, is a remarkable medicine which affects the entire system. It tones up the stomach and creates an appetite; works on the liver and has a mild, continuous effect upon the bowels, thus cleaning out the entire system. It makes rich blood, regulates heart and kidneys and rids the body of all waste matter. It is also an excellent remedy for malaria fever.

These roots and herbs have proven a wonderful remedy for Rheumatism, backache, headache and nervous diseases peculiar to women.

Zaegel's Essence is guaranteed under the Pure Food Law to be free from morphine, opium, cocaine or other harmful drugs. It is not a secret patent medicine, but is made of Roots and Herbs, the names of which are on every package.

Remember, constipation brings on more sickness than all other causes combined and that Zaegel's Essence is nature's remedy for it.

One package of roots and herbs with full directions how to prepare the medicine at home, will be mailed to any address on receipt of 35 cents.

If you want the essence already prepared send one dollar for three 50 cent bottles. We send the extra 50 cent bottle free to offset express charges. Address all orders to

M. R. ZAEGEL & CO., Chemists
Sheboygan, Wis., P. O. Box 379

NEW FACES IN SENATE

Personnel Changed by Legislatures' Recent Votes.

Washington, Feb. 8.—The personnel of the United States senate is to be considerably changed as a result of the elections that have taken place in the legislatures of numerous states during the past few weeks. The choice has now been made in practically all of the states, thus making it possible to draw a line-up of the membership of the upper house as it will stand after the adjournment of the present session.

The 30 senators whose terms will expire March 4 are: Aldrich, of Rhode Island; Beveridge, of Indiana; Bulkeley, of Connecticut; Burkett, of Nebraska; Burrows, of Michigan; Carter, of Montana; Clapp, of Minnesota; Clark, of Wyoming; Culberson, of Texas; Depew, of New York; Dick, of Ohio; Du Pont, of Delaware; Flint, of California; Frazier, of Tennessee; Hale, of Maine; Kean, of New Jersey; La Follette, of Wisconsin; Lodge of Massachusetts; McCumber, of North Dakota; Money, of Mississippi; Nixon, of Nevada; Oliver, of Pennsylvania; Page, of Vermont; Piles, of Washington; Rayner, of Maryland; Scott, of West Virginia; Sutherland, of Utah; Swanson, of Virginia; Taliaferro, of Florida, and Warner, of Missouri.

Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island, who declined to be a candidate for re-election, is succeeded by Henry F. Lippitt, a millionaire cotton manufacturer. Mr. Lippitt has never held public office, though his family has furnished two governors of Rhode Island.

Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, gives way to a Democrat, John W. Kern, who is best known as Mr. Bryan's running mate in the last presidential campaign.

Senator Bulkeley, of Connecticut, was a candidate for re-election, but was defeated by George W. McLean, a former governor of Connecticut.

Senator Burkett, of Nebraska, is succeeded by Gilbert M. Hitchcock, at present a member of the house and the proprietor of a newspaper in Omaha.

Senator Burrows, of Michigan, one of the veterans of the upper house, gives way to Charles E. Townsend, who has represented the Second Michigan district in the house for eight years.

Atlee Pomerene, a newcomer in the field of national politics, is the choice of the Democrats of Ohio to succeed Senator Dick, Republican.

John D. Works, the successor of Senator Flint, of California, is an able lawyer with many years of experience both at the bar and on the bench.

Luke Lea, who takes over the toga now worn by Jomes B. Frazier, of Tennessee, is a lawyer and newspaper publisher of Nashville and has never held public office before.

Senator Hale, of Maine, is succeeded by Charles F. Johnson, a prominent lawyer, who has the distinction of being the first Democrat sent to the senate from the Pine Tree state since 1856.

J. E. Martine, the Democrat who succeeds Senator Kean, of New Jersey, has never before held public office, though many times a candidate.

Senator Money, of Mississippi, gives way to John Sharp Williams, the former leader of the Democratic minority in the house.

Senator Piles, of Washington, is succeeded by Miles Poindexter, who has been one of the most conspicuous Republican insurgents in the house.

Senator Warner, of Missouri, gives way to James A. Reed, who made a reputation as Democratic "reform" mayor of Kansas City some years ago.

W. A. Blount, a prominent lawyer of Pensacola, is slated to succeed Senator Taliaferro, of Florida, who was not a candidate for re-election.

W. F. Chilton, the Democrat chosen to succeed Senator Scott, of West Virginia, is a prominent lawyer and politician of Charleston. The West Virginia seat made vacant by the death of Senator Elkins, and now held temporarily by the son of the late senator, will be filled after March 4 by C. W. Watson, a wealthy coal operator.

The North Dakota vacancy caused by the death of Senator Johnson, will be filled at the next session by A. J. Gronna, now a member of the house.

The senators elected to succeed themselves are Clapp, of Minnesota; Clark, of Wyoming; Culberson, of Texas; Du Pont, of Delaware; La Follette, of Wisconsin; Lodge of Massachusetts; McCumber, of North Dakota; Nixon, of Nevada; Oliver, of Pennsylvania; Page, of Vermont; Rayner, of Maryland, and Sutherland, of Utah.

KILLS 400 DAILY IN ONE CITY

Plague Spot in China Found That Equals Record.

Harbin, Manchuria, Feb. 11. — A plague spot equalling Rudziadian has been discovered in the Chinese city of Assikho, 40 miles east from here. There are an average of 400 deaths in the place daily.

The plague has also appeared in the suburb of Blagovieshtchensk, Russian regiments are patrolling the Russo-Chinese frontier.

This Prescription Knocks Rheumatism

The only logical treatment for rheumatism is through the blood. A prescription, which nas recently proved wonderfully effective in hospital work is the following. Any druggist has the ingredients or will quickly get them for you. Anyone can mix them: "One ounce compound syrup of Sarsaparilla; one ounce Toris compound; half pint first-class whiskey. These to be mixed and used in tablespoon doses before each meal and at bedtime. This cured thousands here last winter. It relieves immediately.

NEW BLADE PATTERNS

The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of these designs at the rate of 10 cents for each pattern. The patterns are perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. In ordering give size, number, age, etc.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

4939 — Child's Dress — Charming little frock suitable for gingham or linen and also for such woolens as cheviot or challis. The pattern is cut in sizes 2 to 10 years. Medium size requires 3 yards of 36-inch material. Price of pattern 15 cents.

5082—Ladies' Shirt Waist —A serviceable model for gingham, linen or pongee. The pattern is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 2¼ yards of 36-inch material. Price of pattern 15 cents.

5217 — Ladies' House Dress — Gingham, challis, cashmere or lawn will make up nicely in this style. The pattern is cut in sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 9 yards of 27-inch material. Price of pattern 10 cents.

2508 — Ladies' Kitchen Apron—A thoroughly practical work apron, which may be made of plain or figured ginghams, checks being excellent. The pattern is cut in sizes 32, 36, 40, 44 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 4¾ yards of 27-inch material. Price of pattern 10 cents.

5070 — Ladies' Combination—A neatly fitted garment of longcloth, cambric or

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR.

THE DISMAL DAMES

BY ELIZABETH

TWO there are who come to my door. Both the two are women, and both are in much the same financial circumstances. They have to work to live, and they have to work hard to help earn their food, clothing and shelter. Here the resemblance of the one to the other ceases. In looks, manner, ways of thinking and doing, they are as far apart as the poles, or at least they are as far apart as the poles are supposed to be located.

One of these two, I call the Dismal Dame. The other I have named the Chirky One, and occasionally I call them this, "right to their faces."

The Dismal Dame appears clad in dismal black, the habiliments of woe. The Chirky One cannot dress up very much, but she wears a bit of color and a wash waist. Usually, the color is furnished by the scarf she ties her head up in, this being either pink or blue, and made of some thin material that is washable.

As said before, the Chirky One cannot dress up very much, except with the dressing up of soap and water, which she gives herself, and the things she wears, and the house she lives in.

When the Chirky One comes tapping at my door, it is opened wide to her in welcome.

"Come in sit down; how are you? I'm glad to see you," I say all in one breath, and then we fall to and do some talking.

The Chirky One has her perplexities and anxieties, all of which she speaks of frankly, but in a cheerful sort of way, as if they are things that must be, and therefore she might as well make the best of them, by doing the best that can be expected, under the circumstances.

"Well," she says, "what can I do? I just get in and work. If we have our stumicks fed and our house warm, and clothes on our backs, what's the difference? I just get in and work."

Work is her cure-all and the only time she is miserable, is when she cannot work. This happens sometimes, as she overdoes the matter and goes beyond her strength.

Frequently, I warn her against this overdoing. She listens to my arguments amiably and I talk on, knowing all the time, that my warnings go into one ear and out of the other, in spite of her promises to reform. The Chirky One is what is known as a "fiend for work." I mentioned this fact to her husband one day—by the way, they are happy together, they and their two children—and his reply, though rather startling, was spoken admiringly.

"I haven't got a woman," he said, "I've got a horse."

He, too, utters words of warning, at which the Chirky One laughs and immediately proceeds to "get in and work," and she makes things hum.

Now the Dismal Dame, is a picture from life's other side. When she comes tapping at my door, I cannot exactly rejoice and be glad of her arrival, though I try to do my best in the way of giving her a cheerful greeting. Always there is something wrong with her and she is "downhearted." Either she is not well, or her children are not well, or she is afraid they are going to be sick, or she is afraid her husband is going to lose his job.

Nothing is ever as it should be, and she is in a chronic state of worry. Sometimes I try to tell her that worry never mends anything, or gets anyone anywhere. Her answer always is: "It runs in the family. I come from a family of worryers."

With her, this is something which cannot be changed, and it is the reason why she must serve a life sentence in the jail of worry. Even the toothache, with which she is sometimes afflicted, "runs in the family," consequently it is unavoidable, according to her view of the matter.

Most of the time she ties her head and face up in a thick, black woolen scarf, which I wish she would not do, as it is not pretty to look at and is very unbecoming. With her, it is not necessary, because she may have hats. Naturally, when, at long intervals, she puts on a hat, she feels the change and takes cold, her head being out of the fresh air habit.

This reminds me of a story that is told regarding an Indian, who wore little more either in winter or summer, than the skin he was born in. One time in the winter he was asked if he were not cold. His answer was: "You no cover face. It not cold. Me, I face all over."

This story has not been told with any idea of pointing a moral. It can not be expected in the present state of civilization that we can be "face all over—" but the Dismal Dame's face tied up in a woolen scarf made me think of it, so I pass it on as something amusing. May it bring you a little laughter, or at least, a smile.

Well, the Dismal Dame complains she always gets the tail end of things, contrasting her lot with that of the Chirky One, who is her friend and neighbor. For this getting of the tail end she cannot see the reason. To me it is as plain as the nose on her face. Those who know the Chirky One, always are glad to see her coming and treat her accordingly. With the Dismal Dame it is the other way round. There are not many who have lasting patience with a Dismal Dame's continuous performance of dismal lamentations.

See the point?

If you do see the point, think it over, and if you find out you are a Dismal Dame, either masculine or feminine, reform before it is too late. Join the band of the Chirky Ones and you will have a better time living.

Well, here's hoping.

SOME POINTERS

By Elizabeth.

Dear Nellie G.—In answer to your inquiry concerning the meaning of the slang word "kidder," I am pained to say that its definition is "chronic liar."

Jane Jones said to me: "Us women folks can get up more stew and fuss about nothin' than any other human critter."

A good way to do when you fly into a temper is to work off steam by turning around three times, walk backward six steps, then forward three. After you have done this and counted the turns and steps, you will feel some calmer.

Good, wholesome, plain cooking helps to bring health, peace and happiness in the household.

To be able to make good bread is an accomplishment worth having. It is becoming a rare one.

The one who tries to make a fool of another, always succeeds in making the biggest fool of himself.

A happy disposition is a more valuable possession than a million dollars a minute.

You who are always sighing and complaining, for your own good, sit up, take notice and try the other way for a while.

It is a common saying: "We all have our troubles;" but a whole lot of these troubles are more fancied than real.

When you show how much you like cheerful folks why don't you try to be cheerful folks yourself?

When you go a-visiting, if you think you have cares and perplexities, lose them along the way. It is not fair to carry them into another's house.

Injured pride is a hard thing to bear, but you can save your pride by refusing to notice it.

Every unhappiness we bring to others we have to pay for, in some way or another.

Most of the time it is better for all parties concerned to laugh, rather than to cry.

Stay by yourself when you are in a mood or temper that makes you unfit for polite society. No one wants you around until you can smile and look pleasant.

The reformer is sometimes the one who is most in need of reform.

Never to hurt another's feelings; never to say an unkind word; never to get mad are three safe and sane "nevers" to follow. Can you do it?

IRISH WIT

Gen. Phil Sheridan was at one time asked at what little incident did he laugh the most.

"Well," said he, "I do not know, but I always laugh when I think of the Irishman and the army mule. I was riding down the line one day when I saw an Irishman mounted on a mule that was kicking up its legs rather freely. The mule finally got its hoof caught in the stirrup, when, in the excitement, the Irishman remarked: 'Well, begorra, if you're goin' to git on, I'll git off.' "

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Street scene in Toledo after a recent snow storm. One of the city's big snow shovels at work.

TRY TO.

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Here is the first response to Sweet Marie's call for several of our long-time absent members to come back and be forgiven. Today we once more welcome Bonnie Burnie to our midst. She is "forgave."—Elizabeth.

I am glad, Sweet Marie, you took it upon yourself to call the roll. And here's hoping each and everyone you called for will quickly respond. I suppose many of the old members have duties of which they little dreamed when writing to this department some few years ago. This is only natural and what we may expect. However, I am sure we can all respond to roll call, even though that may be all we do in this line until asked again to give an account of ourselves.

I am enjoying a second perusal of The Reign of Law, by James Lane Allen. How I would love to have known Gabriella. She, the beautiful, the more than loyal girl, who was the inspiration and ever-guiding star of David.

Allen's stories are in a class by themselves and cannot be compared with other fiction, for they are so unlike anything else ever written.

We are having a fine winter here, in the good old Wolverine state, and the sleighbells make the nicest kind of music. Today brings Whittier's Snowbound forcibly to mind, for yesterday's miniature blizzard came our way, and this morning the snowdrifts were piled in most unheard of places and in such shapes that we hardly knew some of the old familiar landmarks. For instance, our hencoop looked so much like a huge bank of snow that it was 4 o'clock in the afternoon before I begged pardon of my biddies for not recognizing their place of abode before. As they were so glad to get a warm meal—breakfast, dinner and supper in one—they forgave me.—Bonnie Burnie, Michigan.

Dear Merry Go Rounds—You have such a jolly kind of a name for your circle, and your letters are so good that I have decided to join you if I may.

To me it is so interesting to note the letters from all over the United States. It is remarkable that a paper can be published which is of such general interest. I particularly enjoy the descriptions of the various parts of the country and I like the touch of western life which we find in the letters of the Wymoing Cow Girl and others.

I live in a thriving, bustling town. The population is 36,280 and things are accomplished here. Within the past month $100,000 were raised to build a new Y. M. C. A. building. A new high school building costing $160,000 will be completed by September 1, 1911, and everything in general is booming. Billy Sunday held a six-weeks' revival here about two months ago, and now the churches are crowded. When I write again and am better acquainted with you all, I will tell you about my work. Fare thee well.—C. H. M., New Castle, Pennsylvania.

Dear M. G. R.'s—I am a new subscriber to this paper, having received only five or six copies so far, but I find that I could not get along without its weekly visits, as we find every page interesting, especially the Household page.

As this is my first letter, it may be essential for me to give a little description of myself, so here goes: I am a farmer and live near town. I have dark hair, blue eyes, weigh 200 pounds, am six feet two inches tall, am 36 years old and single. I guess my friends all consider that I am a jolly, good fellow and I expect you all would think so if you could hear me laugh. I live with the "old folks" at home. My sisters are all married and gone, and as I am the only son, I am "dad's and ma's boy." I enjoy reading the M. G. R. letters, especially those written by the fair sex. Come often, girls, and do not be afraid of getting your letters too long. Well, if this clears the waste basket, you may look for me later. Respectfully yours, Alonzo Wesley Jordan, Kingwood, West Virginia.

You certainly grew "some," Alonzo. The difficulty about long letters is space to print them in; the shorter ones usually get into the paper first, as more of them can be published at a time. Yours truly, Elizabeth.

Dear M. G. R.'s—It has been so long (about three years) since I have contributed to these columns, I suppose, by the rules, that I am no longer a member. But there are othes, too, who joined about the same time I did, who have dropped out. Wake up—Cherry, Vivian, Vere de Vere, P. G. S., Black-eyed Clara, Leni, Leoti, Fairy Belle, Virginia Sis, Truthful Pearl and Blue Eyes from Illinois. You asked for my description. Here it is: Age 22, weight 142, height, 5 feet 8 inches, brown hair and grayish blue eyes. Does that satisfy your curiosity?

W. H. Pierson, I admire your "sand," and like you would like to correspond with some of the M. G. R. girls.

Grace Barthel, come again.

There have been requests for a post card exchange and our good editor says it is impossible in the M. G. R. department, so if you are not ashamed of your name, sign it and address at the close of your letter to the M. G. R. and add that you would like to exchange cards, say in a certain part of the country. This plan will confine it to the good, active M. G. R.'s, and there will be no confusion in The Blade.

The letters are interesting and I should like a discussion of the question given by Sis of Ohio. I will close by signing my old pen name and my real name and address also. My pen name, J. A. K. of Pennsylvania. I remain, best wishes for the M. G. R. department and people, John A. Kyle, Volant, Pennsylvania.

You may find yourself taking a bigger contract on your hands in your postcard suggestion, than you think for. If you will glance at the top, right-hand corner of our first page, you will see we have some few subscribers. The number of our subscribers does not figure the number of our readers by half.—Elizabeth.

Dear M. G. R.'s—Will you sit over and make room for a 17-year-old West Virginia housekeeper? I have never seen any letters from Charleston, so if you will give me permission I will jump on the merry-go-round for a ride.

We have taken The Blade for three years and think it a fine paper. My mother has been a cripple for three years and I do the housework. I have one sister younger than myself and two small brothers. Charleston is the capital of West Virginia. It is situated on the Great Kanawha and Elk rivers. We have some good schools and some beautiful houses here.

I suppose you want to know what kind of a looking housekeeper I am, so I will give a description of myself. I am five feet six inches in height, have brown hair, blue eyes, light complexion and weigh 120 pounds.

Mildred Horniker, of Wyoming, I was interested in your letter. Write again.

As this is my first letter I will close and give somebody else room. I will sign my name.—Charleston Girl, West Virginia.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

Here are the lines on a valentine card which came to Elizabeth Ayres from "Dolly," this morning:

O love, love, love!
Love is such a dizziness;
It won't let a body
Go about his business.

How do you like yourselves at the top of the heap, M. G. R.'s?

The bugle is blown for retreat from the discussion. "Why is not immoral conduct as much censured in a man as in a woman?" In the letters received on this subject, a prevailing argument is, that woman is woman's worst enemy. This is true to a greater extent than it should be, but there is light shining through the darkness. The mere statement of this fact, when it is made by women, as it frequently is, shows that at least a few women, are coming to. Be kind to your own.

Be sure to write "Household Editor" somewhere in plain sight, on the envelope of all letters sent to this page.

For Growing Girls.

The length of dresses for growing girls depend entirely upon the development of the child. For girls of 12 or over, the skirts, generally, come well below the knee, say two full inches, but they may be carried quite to the shoetops in the case of the girl of 14 or less, if her height and growth are above the ordinary.

POETS' CORNER

JANE JONES

By Ben King.

Jane Jones keeps talkin' to me all the time,
An' says I must make it a rule,
To study your lessons an' work hard an' learn,
An' never be absent from school.
Remember the story of Elihu Burritt,
An' how he clum to the top;
Got all the knowledge 'at he ever had
Down in a blacksmith shop!

Jane Jones she honestly said it was so!
Maybe he did—I dunno!
Of course, what's a keepin' me from the top,
Is never havin' no blacksmith shop.

She said 'at Ben Franklin was awfully poor,
But full of ambition an' brains;
An' studied philosophy all his hull life,
An' see what he got for his pains!
He brought electricity out of the sky
With a kite an' a bottle an' a key,
An' we're owing him more'n any one else
For all the bright lights 'at we see.

Jane Jones she honestly said it was so!
Maybe he did—I dunno!
O' course what's allers been hindering me
Is not havin' any kite or lightning, or key.

Jane Jones said Abe Lincoln had no books at all,
An' used to split rails when a boy;
An' General Grant was a tanner by trade
An' lived way out in Illinois.
So when the great war in the South first broke out
He stood on the side of the right,
An' when Abe Lincoln called on him to take charge o' things,
He won nearly every blamed fight.

Jane Jones she honestly said it was so!
Maybe he did—I dunno!
Still I ain't to blame not by a long sight,
For I ain't never had any battles to fight.

She said 'at Columbus was out at the knees
When he first thought up his big scheme,
An' told all the Spaniards an' Italians, too,
An' all of 'em said 'twas a dream.
But Queen Isabella jest listened to him,
An' pawned all her jewels o' worth,
An' bought him the "Santa Maria" an' said
"Go hunt up the rest o' the earth!"

Jane Jones she honestly said it was so!
Maybe he did—I dunno!
O' course that may be, but then you must allow
There ain't no land to discover jest now!

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

(By Philip Brooks)

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

For Christ is born of Mary,
And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still;
The dead Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us today.
Ye hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
Oh, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGELS

(By Leigh Hunt.)

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight of his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said:
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answer'd: "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine out?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still and said: "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellowmen."
The angel wrote and vanish'd. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And show'd the names whom love of God had bless'd,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

EVENING SHADOWS

(Author Unknown.

When the evening shadows
Slowly gather around my door,
And I hear the chilly breezes sigh,
As I think of the days
That have passed forevermore
And the swiftness with which life's moments fly.

CHORUS.

Then 'tis sweet to look to Jesus,
Who is strong to sustain,
And who never will forsake the trusting soul;
Who will give the sweetest rest
On the bright, golden plains,
While the years of Eternity roll.

Then my soul, why murmur,
Though afflictions seem severe,
For they soon and forever pass away;
When we lean on the Savior,
He gives us strength to bear,
Every burden until the close of day.

When my heart grows lonely,
And all earthly pleasures fade,
Then the Savior as comfort will be near;
While in slumber so sweet,
I can rest my aching head,
Ere is dried in repose the falling tear.

POEMS REQUESTED

The old poem, having this line is wanted: On Linden when the sun was low.

The verses entitled Little Major are asked for.

We have a request for The Ledger of Heaven. It begins: Oh, the wonderful ledger the angels keep and the watchful eyelids that never sleep.

These old songs are wanted: I am sitting on the stile, Mary; and Jim Fisk.

The song having these lines is wanted: The German sings of fatherland, Italia's sons praise skies of blue.

These lines are a clue to a requested song: But yet I never can forget that land of crag and lake and dell.

The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world, is the clue to a requested poem.

We are asked for a poem which has the title, Be Kind. Some of the words are: Be kind to thy father for now he is old.

A COWBOY'S LIFE

(Author Unknown.)

Come, give me your attention,
And see the right and wrong;
It is a simple story,
And won't detain you long.
I'll try to tell the reason,
Why we are bound to roam,
And why we are so friendless,
And never have a home.

My home is in the saddle,
Upon a pony's back,
I am a roving cowboy,
And find the hostile track.
They say I am a sure shot,
And danger I never know,
But I often heard the story,
That now I'll tell to you.

In eighteen hundred and sixty-three,
A little emigrant band,
Was massacred by Indians,
Bound west by overland.
They scalped our noble soldiers,
And the emigrants had to die,
And the only living captives
Were two small girls and I.

I was rescued from the Indians,
By a brave and noble man,
Who trailed the thieving Indians
And fought them hand to hand.
He was noted for his bravery,
While on an enemy's track,
He has a noble history,
And his name is Texas Jack.

Old Jack could tell a story,
If he was only here,
Of the troubles and the hardships
Of the western pioneer.
He would tell you how the mothers,
And comrades lost their lives,
And how the noble fathers,
Were scalped before our eyes.

I was raised among the cowboys,
My saddle is my home,
And I'll always be a cowboy,
No difference where I roam;
And like our noble heroes,
My help I'll volunteer,
And try to be of service,
To the western pioneer.

I am a roving cowboy,
I've worked upon the trail,
I've shot the shaggy buffalo,
And heard the coyotes wail.
I've slept upon my saddle,
And covered by the moon;
I expect to keep it up, dear friends,
Until I meet my doom.

The cowboy name is butchered,
By the papers in the east,
And while he is in the city,
He is treated like a beast.
But in his native country,
His name is ever dear,
And you bet he is always welcomed,
By the western pioneer.

OLD AUNT MARY'S

(By James Whitcomb Riley.)

Wasn't it pleasant, O brother mine,
In those old days of the lost sunshine
Of youth—when the Saturday's chores were through,
And the "Sunday's wood" in the kitchen, too
And we went visiting, "me and you,"
Out to Old Aunt Mary's?

It all comes back so clear today!
Though I am as bald as you are gray—
Out by the barn-lot, and down the lane,
We patter along in the dust again,
As light as the tips of the drops of the rain,
Out to Old Aunt Mary's!

We cross the pasture, and through the wood
Where the old gray snag of the poplar stood,
Where the hammering "red-heads" hopped awry,
And the buzzard "raised" in the "clearing" sky,
And lolled and circled, as we went by
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

And then in the dust of the road again
And the teams we met, and the countrymen;
And the long highway, with sunshine spread
As thick as butter on country bread,
Our cares behind, and our hearts ahead
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

Why, I see her now in the open door,
Where the little gourds grew up the sides, and o'er
The clapboard roof!—And her face—ah me!
Wasn't it good for a boy to see—
And wasn't it good for a boy to be
Out to Old Aunt Mary's?

And O my brother, so far away,
This is to tell you she waits today
To welcome us—Aunt Mary fell
Asleep this morning, whispering: "Tell
The boys to come!" and all is well
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

PLEASE NOTICE

Please be kind enough not to send any poetry other than in answer to requests. It is impossible to print as fast as it is wanted the poetry for which we are asked.

Be sure to write Household Editor on the envelopes of all letters intended for this page.

The song called In the Valley of the Sunny San Joaquin is asked for. The chorus begins: There is where I left my heart, when from her I had to part.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO.

Here we meet for
Health Happiness
Good cheer.

HE LIKES EVERYTHING.

Dear Friends—I have been thinking for some time that I would like to write and tell you I like The Blade as a family paper very much, and I tell folks it is the best family paper in America. I like the Household Page; the Glimpses from Real Life, Some Pointers, and advice from Elizabeth. I like her, too. I like the letters, especially the descriptive ones and the children's letters. I like fun and enjoy the Mary Cassidy pieces. I like the Editor's page. It is all right, and that person that answers the questions in the Question Bureau, he is supposed to know everything that has happened since the world began.

I had the reading of The Blade during the time of the Nasby letters, and I have them, and Nasby in Exile, in book form. I like to read them yet. I am a soldier boy, 86 years and 8 months old. I am glad now that I went to help Uncle Sam when Father Abraham called for help, for he helps me now, in time of need. It would have been a sad thing if this great country had been divided. It looked pretty dark for a time, but the Lord and Father Abraham brought it out all right.

I am a lover of nature and of the many pretty and useful things the Lord has made. I like trees and flowers, especially roses. We have had one in our home for 62 years. Rose is my wife's name. She does not look quite so bright as she used to. She has faded some, but I would be very sorry to part with her. God bless the good women. It is they who are keeping this country from going to destruction.

I did not write these lines for publication. I don't know how to fix the periods, commas and other points in their right places. I do not spell right, and do not know much about grammer. I went to school before the days of public schools. I was born among the foothills of the Alleghany mountains. I am not old, but I lived neighbor to the man who was the first white male child born west of the Alleghany mountains and I helped to care for him in his last sickness.—G. W. Culbertson, Ashland, Ohio.

I hope you will forgive me for publishing this letter, but you are such a kindly soul I just had to.—Elizabeth.

FINE FARM LANDS.

As I have not seen a letter from this part of good, old Michigan, I thought I would write a few lines. A few years ago, this country was not considered worth much, on account of so many pine stumps, but a firm has been established that uses the stumps to manufacture turpentine and other by-products. Then, too, the plains in the eastern and northern parts are found to be ideal for fruit growing and the country is fast developing into a fine farming country. In the summer, thousands of bushels of the delicious whortleberries are shipped from here to all parts of the country.

To Sister Ollie of Illinois—Perhaps the noise of the little ones does not disturb grandma so much as you think.—Yours sincerely, H. E. S., Gladwin County, Michigan.

DOING THE BEST THEY CAN.

Dear Cozy Corner Friends—We have read The Blade for 31 years and I enjoy every bit of it. I enjoy reading the letters from the sisters, and I discover that all of us are a good deal alike.

I am a farmer's wife. We have a small farm within one mile of town and we have raised a family of five children, four girls and one boy. Two of our girls teach school. The other two enjoy the quiet of our home life. I feel glad that we have been blest with our children and a happy home for so many years, and my prayer is, that our blessings may continue. I am not very strong, but with the help of my husband and children, we do our own work. I am nearly 50 years old, and I feel life has not been a failure. We are doing the best we can for our children and for all to whom we feel a duty.

This is my first attempt to write to The Blade and if I see it in print, I may come again some day. From one of the sisters.—Jane Moore, Indiana.

HER MITE.

Dear Readers of the Good, Old Blade—I thought I would add my mite, as I enjoy the letters and talks so much. My home is in the old Empire state. I live in the fruit belt of western New York, three miles from Lake Ontario. It is a fine farming country, and we have all kinds of fruit. Wayne county is noted for its fine apples and there are a great many large evaporators and packing houses where the dried fruit is packed for shipping all over the United States and to Europe.

We are in the grasp of old winter for we have lots of snow in this part of the state, but if we are only contented and happy by our warm firesides, the storms will not trouble us. Well, as this is my first, I will not tarry long.—New York Girl.

FROM ARKANSAS

Dear Cozy Corner Friends—I have seen only a few letters on the Household page from Arkansas, and if you will admit me to the Corner I will try to represent it in a modest way. In some places, Arkansas bears an unenviable reputation, but I am glad to say that it is not so bad as sometimes represented and that it is improving rapidly in every respect. This portion, middle western, of the state, is rough and hilly, but very healthful, with an abundance of pure water and a large quantity of timber. I enjoy and appreciate all The Blade, but the Cozy Corner is my favorite. With best wishes to all Cornerites and Elizabeth, I am yours truly—Sixty-five.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Whoever you are and wherever you are, keep kindliness and good cheer for your steady job.

One of our friends writes: "I have been wanting to tell you about my book of poems. It contains over 700 poems and most of them were cut from the good old Blade. The title of the book is, Poets' Corner.—Mrs. Thurber, New York."

Dear Aunt Bess—Thank you for your letter. It will be in print before very long. I wish many happy days to you.—Elizabeth.

One of our members would like a description of the Shenandoah valley in Virginia. Who speaks first?

S. K. B., Oregon—How can you expect me to give attention to your letters, when you do not give me the attention of signing them with your name?—Elizabeth.

Be sure to write "Household Editor" somewhere in plain sight, on the envelope of all letters sent to this page.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Dear Girls and Boys—I will write a few lines to The Blade, as I never saw but one letter from New Hampshire. I am a little girl, 10 years old the 17th day of March. I have a little brother and no sisters. I live about one mile from school. I live on a farm. I have one pet cat and several dollies. If I see this in print I will be glad. I like to read the children's letters. I will sign my full name.—Agnes H. Moore, Littleton, N. H.

Dear Children—As I have not seen many letters from Oregon, I thought I would write one. I am a girl, 13 years of age. I live in a city of about 5,000 peaople. It is situated on the banks of the Willamette river. It is called Corvallis. This is a college town and, of course, it is always busy. There are two public schools and one high school here.

Oregon has a very nice climate. It is temperate in summer and temperate in winter. We have been in Oregon five years. We came here from Iowa.

Well, my letter is getting pretty long, so I will close. With best wishes to you all.—Hazel Marvin, Corvallis, Ore.

My Dear Blade—I am going to join your happy band. I am a farmer boy. My age is 14 years. I live on a farm of 100 acres. I go to the Flatwood school. My teacher's name is Warren C. Steele. He is a fine teacher. I like to go to school. I am in the sixth grade. My mother has been away on a visit. She will be home for New Year's.

For pets I have two cats. Their names are Buckle and John. I have a little calf also. Her name is Daisy. We have been taking The Blade for two years. It is a fine paper. I always read the Pointers and Real Life Glimpses first, then the rest. There are some nice poems in The Blade. Papa said he bet a dollar this would not be printed. I said I bet a dollar it will. So, Elizabeth, you print it, so I will win the dollar. I will sign my nickname.—Buster Smith, West Virginia.

Dear Blade—I am a girl 12 years old. I live on a farm, a mile from town. I enjoy living in the country. I am in the sixth grade at school. I go to school every day, except when it is raining too hard. We are having lovely weather in Humboldt county this winter. It does not seem like winter. It seems more like summer.

I wish some of the readers of The Blade could see the redwood trees of Humboldt county. They are a wonderful sight. If any of you have ever seen them you know what a great sight they are. There are many sawmills near where they make the redwood trees into lumber.

I have never seen any letter among the children's letters from California, so I thought I would write one. My parents are readers of The Blade. They have taken it for seven years and like it. This is the first letter to The Blade that I have ever written. I hope it will not find its way into the waste-baskets. I will close for this time.—Vera Wilson, Fortuna, Cal.

GRANDPA AND THE CLOCK

I was resting in a chair in the kitchen, when grandpa came out with the clock.

"Keep away, John," was the first thing he said, and I was not so much as moving.

He set the clock down on the table. Then he brought a feather and a dish half full of coal oil. I was not doing a thing except standing quietly by my chair, but he said: "Keep away, John."

When he opened the door of the clock; put his elbows on the table and began to peer in at the funny wheels I stole up back of him. He turned around and said: "Get out of this house!"

I went, but I came right back, easy like. He was raising the feather, then he dipped it into the dish and looked at the end of it. He looked into the dish, then at me, then in the dish again. He turned around and said: "Where did that coal oil go, John?"

"I don't know, grandpa. Isn't it there?" I said.

I picked up the dish and there wasn't any oil in it.

"Maybe you spilled it on the table," I said, but there wasn't any there. Grandpa looked as if he thought he had been dreaming.

"Didn't I put oil in this dish?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered.

We both looked at each other. All at once I said: "Maybe it is on your elbow, grandpa."

He lifted his arm and there was a big grease spot!

When peering into the clock he had put his elbow in the dish and the oil all went on his sleeve. I danced a jig, and turned a hand-spring and hollered. Grandpa made for his cane, and I went flying through the door.

This is truly true, isn't it, Merrill?—John.

BREAKFAST DISHES

From some of our "tried and true" friends come these "tried and true" recipes:

Croquettes.

When you tire of hash here is a good substitute: Chop onions, meat and potatoes in the same way as you would for hash. Soak dry bread or cracker crumbs in water a few moments, then squeeze as dry as possible. Mix with the chopped meat and other ingredients. Part cracker crumbs and part dry bread may be used if desired. If the mixture when it is all together seems too dry use a little milk or a beaten egg. To add both is an improvement, only be careful not to make the mixture too soft to mould. After seasoning with salt and pepper, shape with the hands into finger length cones, about twice or three times the size of a finger. Roll in flour and fry in hot fat. It is not necessary that it should be deep fat. Fry a golden brown, watch them carefully while cooking and turn them to prevent burning.

The grown-ups are fond of these, and so are the children. Serve the croquettes in a heated, covered dish.—Mrs. Irene C. Mosgrove, Urbana, O.

Potatoes and Bacon.

Slice raw potatoes with one or two onions and put in the frying pan in the fat left from cooking as many slices of bacon as you need. While the potatoes are cooking, keep bacon warm. Placing it on a brown paper in some place about the stove that is warm, not hot, is a good way to keep it crisp and "just right." After the potatoes and onions are in the bacon fat, when hot, add a small teacup of water, salt and pepper, then cover tightly. Cook till the water is out, then push to the back of the stove and cook slowly, without stirring, until they are nicely browned. Served hot, with slices of bacon on top, just the sight and smell of the dish will make you hungry.

Light Bread.

For light bread, I make my own yeast. Make up bread early in the afternoon. Let it rise and work it down. After supper, make into rolls. Grease top of each. Put pan containing them into a pan of cold water. Cover closely. Wet a cloth in cold water; lay on top of pan and set it in a cool place. This is for warm weather. By morning the rolls will be light and bake as quickly as biscuit. In cold weather, it is not necessary to use the water. Just set the rolls in a cool place. If they are not raised enough in the morning, place them in the oven when the fire is first made.

Bread Cakes.

Into a quart of sweet milk put enough bread crumbs so they will be just covered by the milk. Keep in a cool place until morning. Add one or two well-beaten eggs, a pinch of salt, a good pinch of soda, and enough flour to make a batter. Bake on hot griddle and serve with butter and syrup. Turn them, of course. They take longer to cook than batter cakes and must be well beaten.

Batter Cakes.

My way of making batter cakes is with one and a half cups of cornmeal, not too fine, is the best. One cup of flour, one teaspoon baking powder, one teaspoon soda, one pint sour milk, enough sweet milk to make batter not too thick, and two well-beaten eggs.—Lora C. Beazley, Somerset, Virginia.

OWES HER HEALTH

To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Scottville, Mich.—"I want to tell you how much good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash have done me. I live on a farm and have worked very hard. I am forty-five years old, and am the mother of thirteen children. Many people think it strange that I am not broken down with hard work and the care of my family, but I tell them of my good friend, your Vegetable Compound, and that there will be no backache and bearing down pains for them if they will take it as I have. I am scarcely ever without it in the house.

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"I am always ready and willing to speak a good word for the Lydia E. Pinkham's Remedies. I tell every one I meet that I owe my health and happiness to these wonderful medicines." —Mrs. J. G. JOHNSON, Scottville, Mich., R.F.D. 3.

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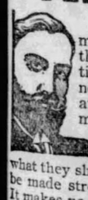

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by writing your name and address. Send just 10c in stamps or coin to get the bottle packed and pay postage. This is all you have to do to get a $1 bottle of Vitaline Tablets free. We give you the $1 bottle without cost or obligation to prove what a wonderful remedy Vitaline Tablets are. We know when you have taken them you'll say with a glad heart they are the first at last found the right medicine.

Vitaline tablets act on the Vital Organs that generate vitality and create the nerve force which make one feel strong, vigorous and healthy, equal to all the duties and pleasures of robust strength and health. They give you vigor and vitality every day and restore you so fast and completely you never know there was anything the matter. Vitaline tablets are guaranteed by us under the U. S. Pure Food and Drugs Law by Guarantee No. 3377. You never had anything like them, combining their wonderful curing and strengthening powers.

We send you our illustrated book, "Vitality." You have never seen one like it. Our testimonials from people handled according to forty years of doctoring will convince you of all we claim for Vitaline tablets.

Exact size of Bottle containing 120 Vitaline tablets.

what they should have and must have to be made strong, vigorous and healthy. It makes no difference if you are very weak, hopeless and your trouble long-standing, Vitaline tablets should easily overcome it—they will not disappoint you.

NERVOUS WEAKNESS, DEBILITY—Lost Nervousness, Weakness, Twitching, Jerking, Easily Startled, Wornout Feeling, Weak, Aching Back, Lack of Strength, Energy or Ambition, Bad Dreams, Poor Memory, Bashful, Restless at Night, Despondent.

STOMACH TROUBLES—Pain in Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Bad Taste or Breath, Sick Headache, Nausea, Heartburn, Sour Belching, Spitting Up, Catarrh, Gas, Gnawing, Nervousness.

HEART WEAKNESS—Fluttering, Skipping, Palpitation, Pain in Heart, Shortness of Breath, Short Breath, Weak, Sinking, Cold or Dizzy Spells, Swelling, Rheumatism, Throbbing in Excitement or Exertion.

CATARRH—Hawking, Spitting, Nose Running Watery or Yellowish Matter or Stopped Up, Sneezing, Dull Headache, Coughing, Deafness; Pains in Kidneys, Bladder, Lungs, Stomach or Bowels may be Catarrh.

BLOOD TROUBLES—General Debility, Paleness, Thin, Weak, Run-Down, Nervous, Rash, Sores, Ulcers, Pimples, Chilly or Feverish, Loss of Flesh and Strength.

ENCLOSE 10 CENTS IN STAMPS OR COIN, for Postage, Packing, Etc. AMERICAN HOME TREATMENT CO., Dept. 10B Marine Building, Chicago. I enclose 10 cents for postage and packing. Send at once by mail in plain package, $1.00 bottle Vitaline Tablets, without cost or obligation to me.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CANADA SAYS HANDS OFF TO THE MOTHER COUNTRY

Ottawa, Ont., Feb. 9.—W. S. Fielding, minister of finance, yesterday gave out the text of a cablegram which he sent to Lord Strathcona, Canadian high commissioner in London, Tuesday night, and which is intended to give notice to the British opponents of the reciprocity agreement with the United States that they are arguing from false premises.

Minister Fielding very plainly says to Great Britain, "Hands off, if you please." He says it in discreet language but his message is plainly a hint from the dominion government that it can manage its own affairs.

"It is evident," says Mr. Fielding, "that some British journalists and public men have received entirely erroneous impressions concerning the reciprocity agreement. Reciprocity trade relations with the United States have been the policy of all parties in Canada for generations. Now that the Americans have entirely changed their attitude and have approached Canada with fair offers, our government takes the position that we should meet them fairly and that in making such an arrangement as is now proposed we are realizing the desires of our people for half a century and also that in promoting friendly relations with the neighboring republic we are doing the best possible service to the empire.

"Canada is seeking markets everywhere for her surplus products, subsidizing steamship lines and sending out commercial agents. Would it not be ridiculous in the pursuit of such a policy to refuse to avail herself of the markets for the great nation lying alongside? The expressed fear that it will seriously affect imports from Great Britain is groundless. The greater part of the agreement deals with the natural products which Great Britain does not send us. The range of manufacturers affected is comparatively small and in most cases the reductions are small. It appears to be assumed in some quarters that the tariff rates agreed upon discriminate in favor of the United States and against Great Britain. There is no foundation for this. In every case Great Britain will still have the same rate or a lower one.

$3.50 Recipe Free, For Weak Men

Send Name and Address Today ---You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow men to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting restorative, upbuilding, STOP-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3938 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

GOLDEN DAYS EDITOR DIES

James Elverson, Sr., of Philadelphia Inquirer, Expires.

Philadelphia, Feb. 10.—James Elverson, Sr., proprietor and editor of the Philadelphia Enquirer, died at his home here last night aged 73 years. He had been ill for several weeks.

Mr. Elverson purchased the controlling interest in the Enquirer in 1889. Among his earlier ventures in the publishing field were the Saturday night, a story paper which he established in 1863 and "Golden Days," a well known juvenile publication which he started in 1880.

SIXTY CHINESE RAILROADED

Smuggled in Over Texas Border, They Are Deported.

San Antonio, Tex., Feb. 11.—Sixty Chinese were deported from Texas today. Five were started from San Antonio, another was picked up at Del Rio and 54 waited the coming of the prison train at El Paso. They traveled over the Southern Pacific railroad under guard and in cars especially constructed with barred windows and doors.

Discouragement.

Washington Star.

"So you have quit laughing at your wife's hats?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Growcher. "The funnier they seem to me the more convinced she is that they must be correct in style."

I Cured My Rupture

I Will Show You How To Cure Yours FREE!

I was helpless and bed-ridden for years from a double rupture. No truss could hold. Doctors said I would die if not operated on. I fooled them all and cured myself by a simple discovery. I will send the cure free by mail if you write for it. It cured me and has since cured thousands. It will cure you.

Fill out the coupon below and mail it to me today

Free Rupture-Cure Coupon

CAPT. W. A. COLLINGS, Box 682 Watertown, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—Please send me free of all cost your New Discovery for the Cure of Rupture.

Name .....

Address .....

TRADE BILL IN HOUSE

Ways and Means Committee Will Report Taft's Reciprocity Measure Favorably After Conference

Washington, D. C., Feb. 11.—The McCall bill, making effective the representative reciprocity agreement between the United States and Canada, was this morning ordered favorably reported to the house by a vote of 11 to 7 in the ways and means committee.

The bill as reported contains an amendment to make clear the meaning of the commissioners on the clause in the treaty dealing with print papers and wood pulp. This was a subject that provoked quite a contention in the committee and came near defeating the bill, but pressure was used successfully.

The committee on rules on next Monday will report a special order providing for the bill's consideration and the friends of the measure say it will pass the house Monday by a large majority.

The knowledge that today would decide the fate of the McCall bill had the effect of bringing the members of the committee to the meeting on time at 10:30.

Come on Time.

At 10 o'clock Representative Hill, of Connecticut, who is for the treaty, arrived. He was followed a few minutes later by Representative Dalzell, of Pennsylvania, who has no love for the treaty. When Whip Dwight, of New York, who, it is said, told the President not long since that he could not support the treaty, arrived. Close behind were Representatives Calderhead, of Kansas, Boutell, of Illinois, Brantley, of Georgia, and Needham, of California. As they disappeared in the committee room, Representative Broussard, of Louisiana, Clark, of Missouri, who will be the next speaker, and Harrison, of New York, came down the corridor. They were joined by Representatives Underwood, of Alabama, Gaines, of West Virginia, Randall, of Texas, and McCall, of Massachusetts, acting chairman of the committee. As they entered the room, Representative Ellis, of Oregon, formerly of Michigan, and Pou, of North Carolina, came strolling along. At 10:35 the door was closed and the committee called to order. A few minutes later Representative Longworth, of Ohio, put in his appearance. This completed the full membership of the committee with the exception of Chairman Payne, who was confined to his bed by illness.

Talk Pulp Wood.

The first action of the committee was the consideration of the amendment offered yesterday relating to the wood pulp and print paper clause of the treaty. After an interesting discussion in which good feeling prevailed, the amendment was adopted without having to throw it back to the commissioners for elucidation of the print paper and wood pulp clause.

Those who voted to report the treaty as amended were Acting Chairman McCall, Boutell, Needham, Longworth, Clarke, Underwood, Randall, Harrison, Bradley and Pou; in the negative, Dwight, Dalzell, Fordney, Ellis Gaines, Calderhead and Broussard.

There was a report that Chairman Payne was paired in favor of the treaty either with Dalzell or Dwight. It is believed this course took off one vote for the opposition. The probabilities are that the bill will reach the senate next Tuesday, where its fate will be known the latter part of the month, and on which an extra session depends.

The power to be presented to the house late this afternoon will be most interesting, as it contains statistical data showing the amount of articles exported from the United States to Canada, thus emphasizing the statements of President Taft that this agreement is not one-sided, and that the United States will receive as much benefit as Canada.

WEEK IN CONGRESS

Monday, Feb. 6.—Senate.—The chief features of the session were speeches by Mr. Lodge, of Massachusetts, in opposition to the popular election of United States senators, and by Mr. Burton, of Ohio, opposing Lorimer's retention of his seat as senator from Illinois. The latter part of the session was devoted to the army appropriation bill.

House.—There was a continuation of the sensation sprung by Mr. Macon, of Arkansas, on Saturday when he denounced a member of the press gallery. Protection was demanded by the Arkansan, who had been approached by the newspaper man on the floor of the house after adjournment, when sharp words, but no blows, were exchanged. An investigation was ordered by the house in pursuance of Mr. Macon's demand. A bill providing for the punishment of foreign spies introduced by Mr. Hobson was passed. To expedite the business that rapidly has been accumulating the house fixed 11 o'clock instead of noon as the hour for convening hereafter.

Tuesday, Feb. 7.—Senate.—The army appropriation bill, carrying $93,678,582, was passed. An amendment was incorporated establishing a corps of dentists for the army. The Lorimer case again was to the fore, a speech supporting the Illinois senator being made by Fletcher, of Florida, and one in opposition to Mr. Lorimer's retention of his seat being delivered by Mr. Jones, of Washington.

House.—A number of measures were considered under the unanimous consent calendar. A bill providing for inspection of locomotive boilers was passed, as was one to allow the payment of customs duties with certified bank checks.

Wednesday, Feb. 8.—Senate.—The passage of the bill for the codification of the laws relating to the judiciary system was the chief feature of the day. Three speeches of interest were made, one by Senator Cullom being an answer to the criticisms of Illinois which have been offered on the floor during the progress of the Lorimer case. Senator Money, of Mississippi, spoke in advocacy of fortifications for the Panama canal. Senator Percy, of Mississippi, discussed the resolution declaring for election of senators by direct vote.

House.—The session was given over to consideration of the bill for the codification of the judiciary laws.

Thursday, Feb. 9.—Senate.—Mr. Beveridge, of Indiana, made the first speech that has been heard in the senate on the Canadian reciprocity agreement. He commended the plan. Mr. Bristow, of Kansas, spoke in advocacy of the popular election of United States senators. Bills designed to protect the men wearing uniform of United States soldiers or sailors from discrimination at public resorts and for the reorganiztaion of the consular system were passed.

House.—A bill making the membership of the house 433 after March 3, 1913, was passed.

Friday, Feb. 10.—Senate.—Sectional feeling was aroused in the senate today by Senator Root, who, in a vigorous speech in opposition to the election of senators by direct vote, attacked the franchise laws of the South. His charges brought sharp rejoinders from Senators Bacon and Fletcher, but the New York senator only made more emphatic his accusations. The debate was ended only when Senator Borah, in charge of the resolution, moved that the matter go over because of the lateness of the hour. Senator Johnston delivered a set speech in favor of Senator Lorimer's retention of his seat.

House.—The house passed a large number of private pension bills and then took up the agricultural appropriation measure, which was under consideration at adjournment.

Saturday, Feb. 11.—Senate.—Today's session of the senate was largely devoted to eulogies of the late Senators Stephen B. Elkins, of West Virginia, and Charles J. Hughes, of Colorado. Action was taken, however, upon several measures, one being the resolution declaring for San Francisco as the site for the Panama Canal exposition to be held in 1915.

House.—The house received a favorable report from the ways and means committee upon the Canadian reciprocity agreement and passed the agricultural appropriation bill, carrying about $15,500,000. Tomorrow the house will hear eulogies upon the late Senator Hughes, of Colorado, and Representative Tirrell, of Massachusetts.

MARRIAGE STUDY IN SCHOOL

Pastor Says Children Should Learn Duties of Wedlock.

Washington, Feb. 14.—"There should be a marriage course in the public schools. Children should be taught the duties and responsibilities of marriage, and no person should be allowed to marry unless he can present a certificate of graduation from the course," says the Rev. Zed Copp, pastor of Bethany chapel, in Washington. The superintendent of the Washington schools don't agree with him. "We take a fancy to one another," says Superintendent Stuart, "but I don't believe studied love is worth much."

COUSIN OF LINCOLN IS DEAD

Bloomington, Ill., Feb. 14.—Mrs. E. J. Loomis, a second cousin of Abraham Lincoln, died here Sunday. She was a daughter of John Hanks.

STUBBORN ECZEMA ON HANDS

"Some nine years ago I noticed small pimples breaking out on the back of my hands. They became very irritating, and gradually became worse, so that I could not sleep at night. I consulted a physician who treated me a long time, but it got worse, and I could not put my hands in water. I was treated at the hospital, and it was just the same. I was told that it was a very bad case of eczema. Well, I just kept on using everything that I could for nearly eight years until I was advised to try Cuticura Ointment. I did so, and I found after a few applications and by bandaging my hands well up that the burning sensations were disappearing. I could sleep well, and did not have any itching during the night. I began after a while to use Cuticura Soap for a wash for them, and I think by using the Soap and Ointment I was much benefited. I stuck to the Cuticura treatment, and thought if I could use other remedies for over seven years with no result, it deserved a fair trial with a severe and stubborn case. I used the Ointment and Soap for nearly six months, and I am glad to say that I have hands as clear as anyone. It is my wish that you publish this letter to all the world, and if anyone doubts it, I will give them the name of my physician, also the hospital I was treated at." (Signed) Miss Mary A. Bentley, 93 University St., Montreal, Que., Sept. 14, 1910.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, Feb. 14.—On top of reciprocity negotiations and various other factors that have tended to weaken wheat, come reports of beneficial rains in the southwest drought sections. Early cables were lower and the combined pressure of bearish influences caused wheat to open weak and lower. Cash opened ½c down at 92c, May ½c down at 94½c, July ⅞c lower at 92¼c and September, a newly quoted month, at 91½c.

In the later trading hours covering by shorts developed a pronounced rally. The up-swing was interpreted to an oversold condition and a brace that naturally follows a period of declining values. Toledo cash closed ½c off at 92½c, May ½c lower at 94½c, July ⅞c off at 92⅛c and Sept. at 92⅛c.

General conditions affecting corn are rather bullish, but the market is feeling the influence of weakness in wheat. Toledo May opened ¼c down at 50½c, July ½c off at 51¼c and September ½c lower at 52¾c. The two far futures advanced ¼c in the first half hour.

Closing corn prices: Cash, 46¾c; May, 51c; July, 52c; Sept., 53c.

May and July oats opened 1-4c lower at 34 1-4c and September unchanged at 33½c. The trend of prices was downward early in the session.

Cash oats closed at 46¾c, May and July at 34¼c and Sept. at 34c.

Cash and February clover seed opened 5c lower at $8.90. Other openings which follow show no changes from the previous close: March $8.90, April $8.50 and October $7.60.

Cash and Oct. clover seed closed 2½c up at $8.87½, March 5c off at $8.85, April unchanged at $8.50 and Oct. 5c down at $7.55.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close. Feb. 14.	Close. Feb. 11.
Wheat—					
Cash	92	....	91⅞	92	92½
May	94½	....	93⅞	94½	95
July	92¼	....	91⅝	92½	93⅝
Sept.	91½	....	....	92⅛	....
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	46¾	46¾
May	50½	....	....	51	50¾
July	51¾	....	....	52	51⅝
Sept.	52¼	....	....	53	52⅝
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	32½	32½
May	34¼	....	....	34½	34½
July	34⅛	....	34⅛	34½	34½
Sept.	33½	....	33	34	34½
Clover Seed—					
Cash	8.90	....	....	8.87½	8.95
Feb.	8.90	....	....	8.87½	8.95
March	8.90	....	8.80	8.85	8.90
April	8.50	....	....	8.50	8.50
Oct.	7.60	....	....	7.55	7.60
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	82	82
No. 1	....	....	....	79	79
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	5.25	5.25
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	9.40	9.40
March	....	....	....	9.40	9.45

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
May	92⅜	....	91⅝	92⅛	92⅞
July	90⅞	91⅜	90⅜	91	91⅝
Sept.	90	90¼	89½	90⅛	90⅝
Corn—					
May	48⅞	49⅛	48⅜	49⅛	48⅞
July	49⅜	50¼	49⅛	50¼	49⅞
Sept.	50⅝	....	50⅛	51⅛	50⅝
Oats—					
May	31½	31⅞	31⅜	31⅝	31⅝
July	31	....	....	31⅜	31⅛
Sept.	31⅛	....	31	31⅜	31⅛

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
May	98½	....	98	98⅜	98¾
July	97¼	....	97	97⅜	97⅝

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
May	93½	....	92⅜	93⅜	94⅛
July	90¼	....	....	89⅜	90⅜

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	97⅜	98⅜
July	....	....	....	98⅜	99⅜

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	98	99⅝
July	....	....	....	99	1.00⅝

WINNIPEG.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	94⅜	95⅜
July	....	....	....	95⅛	96⅞

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
May	17.45	....	17.37	17.62	17.70
July	16.95	....	16.80	16.97	17.17
Lard—					
May	9.40	....	....	9.42	9.45
July	9.37	....	9.35	9.37	9.37
Sept.	9.30	....	....	9.37	9.42
Ribs—					
May	9.37	9.45	....	9.42	9.45
July	9.20	9.25	....	9.22	9.25
Sept.	9.15	....	....	9.25	9.27

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, Feb. 14.—Hog receipts were fair and the market slow. Outside live stock centers report hogs weak. Other live stock ruled steady.

Hogs—Selected heavies, $7.10@7.15; good mediums, $7.25@7.35; heavy yorkers, $7.40@7.50; light yorkers, $7.50@7.60; good mixed, 150 lbs. and up, $7.25@7.40; good pigs, $7.60@7.75; bulk of sales, $7.25@7.45; stags and roughs, $6.50@7.00.

Cattle—Price steers, 1,250 lbs. and up, $6.00@6.50; good to choice, $6.00@6.25; good fat, 1,050@1,200 lbs., $5.50@6.00; fair to good, 800 to 1,100 lbs., $5.50@5.75; common and light steers, $5.00@5.25; choice fat cows, $4.50@5.00; fair to good cows, $3.75@4.00; common cows, $3.00@3.50; canners and cutters, $2.50@3.00; prime export bulls $4.50@5.25; good butcher bulls, $4.25@4.50; fair to good bologna, $4.00@4.25; choice fat heifers, $5.00@6.00; fair to good heifers, $5.00@5.50; common and light heifers, $4.00@4.50; good to choice feeding steers, $5.00@5.50; fair to good feeders, $4.50@5.00; stockers, good to choice, $4.00@4.50; milkers and springers, $3560.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime wethers, $3.75@4.25; good to choice mixed, $3.25@3.75; fair to good, $2.75@3.75; culls and common, $1.75@2.75; culls to fair, $4.75@5.25; yearlings, $4.25@4.75; choice lambs, $5.75.

Calves—Veal, choice to extra, $9.50 down; fair to good, $8.00@9.00; common to light, $7.00@8.00; heavy and pailfed, $4.00@6.00.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., Feb. 14.—Cattle five cars, slow. Hogs 30 cars, slow. Heavy $7.30; yorkers $7.65@7.75; pigs $7.90@8. Sheep five cars, best lambs $6.15; yearlings $5@5.25; wethers $4.25@4.50; ewes $3.75@4. Calves $5@10.25.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Feb. 14.—Cattle, receipts estimated at 5,000, market slow and weak, beeves $5@6.80; Texas steers $4.20@5.50; western steers $4.50@5.70; stockers and feeders $3.85@5.80; cows and heifers $2.65@5.80; calves $6.75@9.25. Hogs, receipts estimated at 25,000, market slow, 10c lower, light $7@7.30; mixed $6.75@7.15; heavy $6.65@7.10; rough $6.65@6.80; good to choice heavy $6.80@7.10; pigs $7.15@7.45; bulk of sales $6.90@7.10. Sheep, receipts estimated at 20,000, market steady, native $2.75@4.45; western $2.75@4.50; yearlings $4.60@5.50; lambs native $4.50@6.25; western $4.50@6.25.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, Pa., Feb. —14(By Pittsburg Live Stock Journal)—Hogs, receipts 20 loads; market 5@15c lower; top, $7.85. Sheep, receipts 5 loads; sheep steady, lambs 10c higher; top, $6.10. Calves, receipts 200 head; market 25c lower; top, $9.75.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, Feb. 14.—(By Bower & Bower)—Hog receipts, 20 cars, lower. Pigs $7.70; yorkers $7.50; heavy $7.15. Calves $10.52. Lambs $5.85. Cattle $4.50@6.25.

Money and Stocks.

New York, Feb. 14.—(Wall Street.)—Accumulation of buying orders over the holiday imparted some strength to the market at the opening today. The most conspicuous gains were: A point in Wisconsin Central, Great Northern Ore Certificates and Duluth South Shore and Atlantic preferred, ⅝ in Reading and Erie first preferred and ⅝ in International Harvester and Canadian Pacific. Almost all of the active issues sold at good fractions above yesterday's close.

Gains established in the active stocks at the opening were not maintained long. Prices reacted as soon as the early buying orders had been filled. Speculation became lifeless after the market had relapsed to last week's level. International Paper sagged 1¾ and the preferred 1. United States Rubber and Bethlehem Steel preferred gained 1¼.

The market ruled dull and showed a fairly good undertone throughout the morning session. Bear operators made no determined efforts to sell and there was further covering by shorts in spots. Canadian Pacific advanced 2⅛, a new high record, with the publication of figures showing surplus earnings for the six months ending December 31 to have been more than $10,000,000. Others in the Canadian group were also strong. The active issues held well, although there was some heaviness in the coalers. Missouri Pacific advanced 2 points to 59 on buying of the character recently quoted and there was a general stiffening of the Pacific group toward midday, the Hill and Harriman stocks rising large fractions. Pacific Mail yielded a point and National Bisbuilt 2 1-4. Bonds were steady.

New York Stocks.

New York stocks were about 3-4 point lower at the close Tuesday. A feature of the session was a boom in Missouri Pacific, which sold up about 3 points, the close being between 2 and 3 points above Saturday's final price.

Stocks.	New York. Open.	High.	Low.	Feb. 14. 1911. Close.
Am. Loco. com.	41½	42	41½	42
Am. Sg. Rfg. Co.	118½	119½	118½	119¼
Atchison	107¼	107¾	106⅞	106⅞
Am. Car. and F. Co.	57	57	56½	56½
Anaconda	40¾	40¾	40⅝	40⅝
Amal. Copper	66¼	66¾	65⅝	65⅝
Am. Smelters	80⅛	80¼	79⅝	79⅝
Am. Ag. Chem. Com	51	51	51	51
Am. Steel Fdy.	50½	51½	50½	51½
Am. Tel and Tel.	145⅝	145⅞	145⅝	145⅝
Am. Tobacco pfd.	96	96	95¾	95¾
Am. Cotton Oil	60¼	61¼	60	60
Am. Beet Sugar	45	45	44¼	44¼
Biscuit com.	121½	121½	121½	121½
Balt. and Ohio	105⅜	105⅜	105½	105½
Blyn. R. Trans.	78¾	79	78⅝	78⅝
Beet .... pfd.	94	95⅜	94⅜	95⅜
Beth Steel com.	32	33½	32	33¼
Chicago G. W. pfd.	47¾	47¾	47¾	47¾
Chicago G. W. pfd.	47¾	47¾	47¾	47¾
Canadian Pac.	213½	213½	212⅜	212⅜
Clover Leaf	24⅜	24⅜	24	24
Ches. and Ohio	86	86½	85⅝	85½
Consolidated Gas	144⅜	145⅜	144⅝	144⅝
Can. pfd.	81¾	81¾	81¾	81¾
Distillers Sec.	37	37	37	37
Erie com.	32	32½	31¾	31⅝
Erie 1st pfd.	51¼	51½	50⅜	50⅜
Erie 2nd pfd.	39⅝	39⅝	39	39
Gt. Northern pfd.	129¾	129¾	129	129¾
Gt. Northern Ore	63¼	63¼	63	63
Ill. Central.	136¼	136½	136¼	136¼
Int. Harvester com.	119⅜	119⅜	118¾	118¾
Interborough com.	20⅜	20⅜	20¼	20¼
Interborough pfd.	55	55	54½	54½
K. C. Sou com.	34⅞	35¼	34⅞	34⅞
Louis. & Nash.	147¼	147¼	147¼	147¼
Laclede Gas.	111⅜	111⅜	111⅜	111⅜
Mex. Marine pfd.	17¼	17¼	17¼	17¼
Missouri Pacific.	57¼	59	57¼	59¼
M. S. M.	140⅝	142	140⅝	141½
M. K. and T. com.	35⅞	36¼	35⅝	36
Nor. Pacific.	126⅞	127⅛	126½	126½
Nat'l Lead	67¼	67¼	67¼	67¼
Nevada Con's.	19¼	19¼	19¼	19¼
North Am. Co.	71¼	72¼	71¼	72
N. Y. Central.	113½	113½	113	113
N. & W. com.	107½	107¾	106⅝	106⅝
N. & W. Con. 4's.	106⅜	106⅜	106¼	106¼
Ont. & Western.	43¼	43⅝	43¼	43¼
Pr. Steel Car Co. com	36	36	36	36
Penn. Ry.	127¾	127¾	127¼	127¼

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Concrete Construction	Banking — Italian
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Textile Manufacturer	Architect'l Draftsman
Stationary Engineer	Industrial Designing
Telephone Expert	Commercial Illustrating
Mechanical Engineer	Window Trimming
Mechanical Draftsman	Show Card Writing
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Street and No.....
Present Occupation.....
City.....State.....

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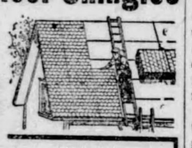

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OVER THE TARIFF WALL

Taft Says, "Protective Duties on Articles From Other Countries Having Same Conditions as U. S. Are Not Justified."

Columbus, Feb. 10.—That farmers' fears would turn to rejoicing within six months after the adoption of the reciprocity agreement pending between the United States and Canada was the prediction made by President Taft here this afternoon in the first utterance of his two days' speech-making tour through Ohio, Indiana and Illinois in favor of the Canadian reciprocity.

The President declared useless the tariff wall between the United States and Canada, and unjustified within the modified policy of the Republican party the application of protective tariff to articles imported from countries having labor and other conditions the same as ours.

The speech was made at the National Corn Exposition. Taking advantage of the agricultural character of his audience the President turned his attention especially to answering objections to the agreement purporting to be put forth in behalf of the American farmer. These objections, voiced by men claiming representation, through the National Grange, of a vast number of farmers, applied particularly to the question of American farm values and competition by Canadian farmers.

Mr. Taft asserted that anyone who would initiate a policy to injure the American farmer would have much to answer for at the bar of public opinion.

Farm values are more apt to increase than decrease, the President cited statistics to show, stock feeding will be boomed, the agreement provides a produce movement in favor of the American farmer, and being farther from the markets and a much lesser producer of corn he cannot compete with the American farmer in that respect, while his imports of wheat cannot affect the price and will help the American mills.

Reciprocity with Canada, the President declared, will benefit the whole country, farmers, manufacturers, railroad companies, middlemen and warehouse men.

"We have with pioneer energy pushed on to the Pacific," the President said, "and taken up all the good land. We are now spending millions to reclaim the arid and semi-arid lands of the great western desert. Should we not, by taking down a useless and unnecessary tariff wall, bring within our agricultural resources the great plains of the northwest when they can bring to us what we need, and that without hurting any of our own people?"

Not "Attack" on Farmer.

The President expressed the opinion that in addressing a corn exposition audience it would be particularly appropriate for him to answer the criticism which had been made of the agreement "as an attack upon the farmer by depriving him of protection."

"It is said to be a manufacturers' agreement," he continued; "that is, in the interest of the manufacturing classes and adverse to the farmer.

"I am a Republican, and the Republican party has always advocated and pursued a policy of protection to American products and manufactures.

"For a long time, the policy had little or no limitation. It was thought that tariffs on protected products could not be too high, that if all foreign products were excluded competition would stimulate production and reduce its cost, and its price.

"The temptation to destroy competition by combinations became so great, however, that the party in its platform modified its policy and imposed the limitation that the tariff should be limited for purposes of protection to the difference between the cost of production in this country and the cost of production abroad with an allowance for a reasonable profit to the American producer.

Canada on Par With U. S.

"The principle of production thus stated takes away the justification for any tariff whatever by way of protection, on articles imported from a country where the conditions as to labor and other circumstance are the same as in ours and thus makes the cost of production substantially the same.

"Canada is our neighbor on the north for three thousand miles. Her population is English, Scotch and French. Her soil is like ours. Her traditions are the same as ours. Her language is ours. Her climate is temporate like ours, except that her growing seasons are shorter and she cannot raise corn in any great quantities. She has a free popular government with a wage earning class as intelligent and as well paid as ours. It is difficult to see in what respect her farmers have any advantage over our own except a virgin soil in the far northwest.

"It is a mere truism," said the President, "to say that the farmers of a country constitute the greatest wealth producing class of the country and that it is of the greatest importance to conserve their welfare. When we have had good crop, the wheels of all industries have moved and wealth has been stored. Any one, therefore, who would initiate a policy to injure the farmer, has much to answer for at the bar of public opinion.

"The greatest reason for adopting this agreement is the fact that it is going to unite two countries with kindred people and lying together across a wide continent, in a commercial and social union to the great advantage of both. Such a result does not need to be justified by a nice balancing of pecuniary profit to each."

Taking up first the effect of the agreement on corn, he said:

"The total production of corn in the United States in 1910 was 3,125,713,000 bushels, of which we exported 44,072,209, and used the rest in domestic consumption, chiefly in raising cattle and hogs, of which in live cattle, and packing house products we exported in value $135,985,212.

"The Canadian product of corn was 18,726,000 bushels, or six-tenths of one per cent of the total production of the United States. We exported 6,000,000 to Canada. Certainly in respect of corn the American farmer is king and will remain so, reciprocity or no reciprocity. Indeed, the change will greatly help him by increasing his supply of young and thin cattle, now very scarce, for feeding with his corn and making good beef.

"But it is said that the farm land of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and other states is much more valuable than the land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Assinoboine and Alberta, the four great northwestern provinces of Canada, and that to give Canadian farmers free entry of products raised on cheaper lands will be certain to lower farm lands in value in this country.

Canada Farther From Markets.

"Nothing could be further from the fact. The Canadian lands are farther removed from the Minneapolis and Chicago markets than the lands of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa or Illinois and proximity to a market is a most potent element in the value of farm land.

"Then the natural change in farming in this country is from the raising of grain for export to the raising of grain for farming consumption and development of the secondary products in the form of cattle and hogs. The live cattle are bought and fattened. The hogs are raised and fed. It is farming of this kind that explains the high value of farm lands in Illinois and Iowa.

"If the argument as to the disastrous effect of admitting the crops of the Canadian northwest to our markets upon the values of our farm land is correct then the opening of lands in Kansas, Nebraska, and the two Dakotas in the two decades from 1890 to 1910 should have had a similar effect upon the land of the older states.

Farm Values Doubled.

"The land in the older states became more devoted to corn and cattle and hogs, while the wheat and other cereals were left to the new lands. The effect was that the values of the land of the older farming states were in most cases more than doubled.

"The difference in the value of the acre between Manitoba and Minnesota and Wisconsin is $6, between Wisconsin and Illinois is $52, between Wisconsin and Iowa, is $40, between Michigan and Indiana is $31. These figures show incontestably that the fear of a reduction in farm land values of this country by letting in Canada's products is wholly unfounded.

"The price of wheat, less transportation and other charges for warehouse and delivery, is fixed by what all the wheat exporting countries, including the United States and Canada, can get for their surplus in Liverpool. Hence, the sending of any part of Canada's surplus through our country instead of through Canada to be milled or to be exported without milling, will not perceptibly or materially affect the price of wheat for our farmers.

"The advantage we give the Canadian farmer will not hurt our farmer, for the price will remain the same, but by patonizing our elevators, our flour mills, our railroads he will secure admission to the world's market at a less cost to himself, while we will secure the advantage of increased trade for our elevators, our railroads and our commission men.

More Produce to Canada.

"The United States secured for the farmers the free listing of such important agricultural products as cottonseed oil, all kinds of fruits and vegetables, timothy and clover seeds, eggs and numerous other products in which the movement to Canada from the United States is much greater than from Canada to the United States. The remission of $1,300,000 in duties on rough lumber imported into the United States by freelisting it, along with pickets and palings, and the heavy reductions on dressed lumber, laths and shingles, are all in the interest of the farmer.

"Let the agreement be adopted and go into operation, and in six months the farmers on the border who now have fears will rejoice in this great step toward closer business and social relations with our neighbors."

DELIRIOUS, REVEALS BRIDAL

Wife Tells of Secret Ceremony of Months Ago.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Feb. 14.—A surprise was given by the announcement of the marriage nearly three months ago of Thomas A. Quick, expert accountant with the Dutchess Fire Insurance Co., and Miss Alma Linquist, a nurse in the Hudson River State hospital. The couple meant to keep the marriage a secret until March, when they would sail for Bermuda, but in delirium when ill a few days ago Miss Linquist revealed the secret.

When she had recovered and was informed of what she had said, she admitted it was true. Her parents live in Brooklyn.

A. O. H. BANS COMIC POSTCARDS

Baltimore, Feb. 14.—Condemning the practice of sending comic postcards relative to the observance of St. Patrick's day as "reflecting injuriously upon the character and reputation of the Irish people, in connection with the celebration of the national feast day of Ireland's patron saint," a unanimous resolution has been adopted by the joint national boards of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, calling upon members everywhere to aid in suppressing the "nefarious traffic of calumny and vile caricature."

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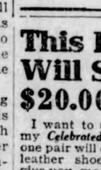
I have told half a million others these facts. They have bought steel shoes of me and saved millions of dollars among them. More than that—they can be on their feet all day—at any work, without foot fatigue. And they have gained health protection.



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prevent rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, lame back and other troubles caused by wet feet. I want to show you the way to avoid these dangers and all such troubles as tender feet, corns, bunions, chilblains, and at the same time show you a saving of $20 a year in actual money on account of the extra wear you get from my shoes.

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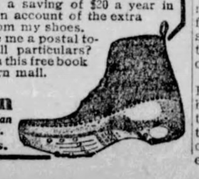

FALLS DEAD ORDERING DINNER

Philadelphian Lifeless When Waiter Brings Viands.

Philadelphia, Feb. 14.—"Give me a good dinner. I want the best of everything you have," said James Fay, as he entered a restaurant at noon yesterday. Then he ordered a hearty meal.

"I don't feel very goood, but I'm going to eat, anyhow," he remarked to the waiter as he concluded his order. The waiter hurried about and 10 minutes later brought the order on highpiled plates.

"Got everything? That's right," he said. Then his head fell over on his breast. When the waiter returned a minute later with a glass of water, he thought the man was asleep and shook him but failed to arouse him. Fay was removed to the Pennsylvania hospital, where he was declared by the physicians to be dead.

JUDGE DAY EQUITABLE HEAD

New York, Feb. 14.—The World claims excellent authority for the prediction that at the annual election of officers of the Equitable Life Assurance Society next Thursday former Judge William A. Day, first vice president of the company, will be chosen president to fill the vacancy made by Paul Morton's death.

Day has been identified with the Equitable since the time Morton came to it as chairman of the board of directors. When Day was special counsel for the interstate commerce commission, he was brought into close contact with Mr. Morton, and they became strong friends.

Previous to his alliance with the Equitable an office was created for him by congress—an unusual distinction. This was the post of assistant to the attorney general. He then became known as the official trust hunter of the Roosevelt administration.

BIGGER CONGRESS NOT THE LARGEST

With 435 Members It Is Excelled by Several Foreign Bodies.

Washington, Feb. 14.—It is generally accepted that the senate will readily agree to the passage of the Crumpacker apportionment bill, adopted by the house on Thursday, which will provide for a house membership of 433 after March 3, 1913.

Allowing one representative in the lower house to Arizona and New Mexico, when they are admitted to the union, the total membership of the house of representatives in the sixty-third congress will be 435.

Even a house of this size will not be as large as the deliberative bodies of several foreign governments, shown by the following table:

Country.	Membership.
Canada	214
Japan	369
Germany	396
Spain	406
Russia	442
Italy	508
Austria	516
France	594
Great Britain	670

British House Largest.

The British house of commons has a larger membership than any other parliament of the world, but this body legislates for the whole British people, since there are no local legislatures. Then there are no municipal governments, and parliament legislates for all the municipalities of England, Scotland and Ireland.

In 1789, when there were only 13 states, the lower house numbered 65 members, and the ratio of apportionment was one representative to each 30,000 of population. In the 120 years that have elapsed since then the house has expanded after each census, except following that of 1840, when the membership was decreased from 240 to 223, and did not mount above 240 again until 1860. The growth of the lower house as recorded by years, number of States, and ratio of apportionment follows:

Year.	No. of States.	No. of Mem's.	Pop. to Mem.
1789	13	65	30,000
1790	15	105	33,000
1800	16	141	33,000
1810	17	181	35,000
1820	24	213	40,000
1830	24	240	47,700
1840	26	223	70,680
1850	32	234	93,423
1860	34	243	127,381
1870	37	293	131,425
1880	38	325	151,913
1890	44	356	173,901
1900	45	386	186,175

The growth of the house from 388 to 391 has been brought about by the admission of new states in the past 10 years.

Cost of Increased Membership.

The statisticians of the house have been busy computing the probable cost of the increase in membership, and place it at $1,000,000 a year. The increase in salaries for 42 new members would amount to $315,000, while 43 new secretaries at a salary of $1,500 a year each, would amount to $63,000; extra stationery allowance would come to $5,250; mileage to $35,000. The increased cost of extending the franking privilege is estimated at from $250,000 to $300,000.

This does not include the cost of printing additional bills and expensive public documents to satisfy so many new members; nor make any allowance for the industry and ingenuity of the new members in sending out garden seed, horse books, and in finding other ways to induce congress to appropriate money.

When it comes to distributing seed, it was agreed that it would be more difficult for a member to "represent," say 400,000 constituents, than to represent 200,000.

But the regular Republican organization in the house was voted down, the action of the Republican caucus overturned, and the house will be increased, provided the senate agrees to let the house have its own way. In this event, there is no question but that the plan of seating members and the interior arrangement of the hall of the house will be changed. Plans having this purpose have been discussed for the past year, in view of the probability of the house being enlarged after last year's census.

In his address to the house on the reapportionment bill, Champ Clark, who will be the next speaker, said the trouble about keeping order in the house was not because of the size of the membership, but the size of the hall. This probably means that within the next two years benches like those in use in the house of commons will be installed in the house, and the comfortable individual chairs and desks of members taken away. This being done, Mr. Clark feels there will be no trouble about making the house membership behave like a Sunday school class.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon, who will occupy a seat in the next house, is looking forward with a mixture of lively anticipation and mournful regret to see how the Democrats effect this reform.

EVERYTHING SWITCHED

House Drops All Monday Business to Push Debate Canada Bill.

Washington, Feb. 13.—The house, by a vote of 195 to 121, decided today to begin immediate consideration of the McCall bill carrying out the reciprocity agreement with Canada. No agreement has been reached as to the limit of debate, but the bill may be passed today.

While the vote to displace the regular order for today on the house calendar and take up reciprocity cannot be accepted as an exact indication on the final vote on the bill, it is regarded as being approximately so. The vote against taking up the measure today came almost wholly from the Republican side.

The Democrats voted almost solidly for immediate consideration. Some of the Republicans who voted against displacing the regular order are not expected to place themselves on record against reciprocity at a final vote.

Mr. McCall, of Massachusetts, will handle the time for debate in favor of the bill and Mr. Dalzell, of Pennsylvania, will speak in like capacity for the opposition.

The bill is first being considered as in committee of the whole house on the state of the union. All bills affecting the revenues are thus considered. Speaker Cannon called Representative Mann, of Illinois, to the chair to preside over the committee during the consideration of the measure.

In the earlier proceedings, Mr. Cannon, by recognizing Mr. McCall and declaring his motion to take up the reciprocity bill a privileged matter, had shown a disposition to help the cause along to a vote, despite the sentiments against reciprocity which he expressed in a letter to the Illinois legislature on Saturday.

Representative Hill, of Connecticut, one of the Republican members of the committee on ways and means, was recognized for one hour in support of the reciprocity agreement. He explained the measure in great detail. When he began to speak the house was in much confusion. Mr. Hill asked for close attention.

"Come over on this side," suggested Representative Fitzgerald, of New Yory, a Democrat. "We'll listen to you and this is where you'll get your votes."

CANNON FIGHTS BILL AS TAFT SPEAKS FOR IT

Springfield, Ill., Feb. 13.—President Taft and Speaker Cannon clashed in a spectacular manner over the proposed reciprocity agreement with Canada here Saturday. The President, as a guest of the state at the Lincoln day celebration, supported the proposed agreement in his address before the legislature, and a letter from Cannon at Washington, bitterly attacking the pact, was given to the press here while Taft was speaking.

The letter opposes what the President advocates, and its issuance at this time is taken to indicate on the speaker's part a studied purpose to counteract Mr. Taft's influence.

The letter denounces Canadian reciprocity as free trade in disguise and advises the members of the general assembly of Illinois to halt before placing themselves on record as favoring the measure which the President had just outlined as most necessary to a continuation of protection in any form. The letter was addressed to State Senator Bailey, of Danville, who gave out the letter to newspaper men in the state house.

"We have taken up these things that are involved in a Canadian reciprocity treaty because opportunity offered. Now is the accepted time," said President Taft to the legislators.

"My object in writing to you," wrote Speaker Cannon to Senator Bailey, "is to suggest that if any effort is made in the Illinois legislature to secure action by resolution or otherwise indorsing this proposition while it is pending before congress it ought to be done only after the most careful consideration."

FEAR GHOULS MAY TAKE CHILD, TOO

Kidnaping Is Dreaded by Relatives of Man Whose Grave Was Desecrated

Erie, Pa., Feb. 14.—That an implacable family enemy who planned the desecration of the dead in the Scott mausoleum is not above kidnaping the living, is a fear that animates the family of Charles H. Strong, whose wife is the daughter of the dead millionaire. Thora Scott Ronalds, granddaughter of Strong and great-granddaughter of Scott, one year old, is virtually a prisoner in the Strong mansion.

Before the desecration of the tomb the child was seen frequently on the street in charge of a nurse girl and accompanied by two armed guards. Now the child is kept indoors.

Reginald Ronalds, the child's father, is living in London with his mother. His wife is staying with her mother here. Repeated efforts had been made to question Ronalds on the mausoleum mystery by newspapers, and a search was made for him in New York, only to find that he had crossed to the other side of the Atlantic.

Meantime, the masterly success with which a flock of detectives are meeting in making the mausoleum mystery still a mystery is beginning to get on Erie's nerves. The detectives assert now that no arrests will be made for a week.

"This case has just begun," asserted Gilbert B. Perkins, head of one of the detective agencies at work on the case. "No matter who are the guilty parties, we shall arrest them. All we want is enough evidence to get a conviction. But I tell you this is a 'cheap job.' The reason for it will surprise everyone when it is disclosed."

Other detectives here maintain that the preliminary arrest will only open up a tremendous scandal.

WHAT! TAXES TWICE A YEAR?

New York, Feb. 14.—Comptroller Prendergast will recommend to the New York board of estimates a plan for collecting the city's taxes twice a year instead of annually as at present. He believes that the scheme could be adopted advantageously by all American municipalities. The plan is designed to make tax payments smaller, thus lightening the burden on property owners and tending to decrease delinquencies.

PROGRESSIVES TO WIN IN 1912

So Declares Judge Wanamaker at Lincoln Club Banquet.

Cleveland, Feb. 14.—Judge R. N. Wanamaker, of Akron, last night predicted that the progressives would carry the election of 1912, at the Lincoln Day banquet of the League of Republican Clubs at the Chamber of Commerce. Judge Wanamaker said in part:

"Fifty years hence the historian will record three distinct and distinguishing epochs in the development of our country and countrymen: First, the epoch of construction, including discovery, colonization, Revolutionary War, the Constitution; second, epoch of conservation, diversity of public policies, state jealousies pivoting largely upon the slave problem; third, the epoch of conscience. This third epoch has only just begun.

"Conservatively speaking, one-third of the rank and file of the Democrats and one-half of the Republicans are free and independent patriots who cannot be reached by the party lash.

"By virtue of the national platforms of 1904 and 1908, as well as by the repeated and unmistakably clear declarations of the party candidate and party press throughout the country in our last national campaign, the Republican party is clearly and conclusively committed to the Roosevelt policies. Upon Roosevelt policies the whole American people are stand-pat Republicans; but upon the evils that those policies are reasonably calculated to correct they are insurgent Republicans.

"Change your leadership of the senate from an Aldrich to a Cummins, a Beveridge or a La Follette, and eliminate the Lorimers. You cannot whitewash them. After they got through whitewashing Ballinger there was not enough whitewash left for Lorimer.

"A real live permanent tariff commission, with the proper support from the administration, can speedily point out the wrongs and iniquities of the present tarff bill and prepare the way for its speedy correction.

"A general reciprocity plan, such as that advocated by Blaine and McKinley, in his very last hours, covering not only agricultural products, but manufactured as well, should be earnestly and vigilantly pushed forward with all our American states.

"The American people, regardless of party, never were united as they are today about what they want, and they want what they voted for in 1908. And the measure of the people's confidence in Mr. Taft today is the exact ratio with which he has adhered to the Roosevelt policies, and their want of confidence in him is the exact measure in which they honestly believe he has abandoned the Roosevelt policies."

SAYS TIMES DEMAND ANOTHER LINCOLN

Mansfield, Feb. 14.—That the times demand and await another Lincoln, was the substance of an address delivered by Judge Peter Grosscup, of Chicago, at a celebration by the Lincoln Association of this city here last night, in memory of a meeting held in 1858, at Mansfield, at which, for the first time, Lincoln was named for the presidency of the United States.

"The Hamiltons, on the commercial and industrial side of society, have had their way," said Judge Grosscup. "Here, even more than in the framework of government, inevitable evolution has brought about inevitable concentration. But the protest of the plain people, that in this process they are being eliminated, is here, too, and is here to be heard. The Jeffersons are here, the champions of the individual man against the evils of even commercial and industrial power massed. And a single campaign in New York will not silence them."

NEW YORK REPUBLICANS HOLD PEACE BANQUET

New York, Feb. 14.—The Republican club's 25th annual dinner in honor of President Lincoln at the Waldorf Hotel last night was a peace dinner. The hatchet was buried between Colonel Theodore Roosevelt and his friends on one side and the members of the old guard, represented by William Barnes, Jr., and Timothy L. Woodruff, on the other. Another striking feature was a plea by Secretary of the Navy Von Meyer for the Republican party to "get together."

Colonel Roosevelt was the guest of honor and he made the principal speech. Before the dinner began the colonel shook hands with Barnes, Woodruff and the others. They said nice things about one another and everybody was happy.

In his speech Colonel Roosevelt gave a strong indorsement of President Taft's reciprocity treaty and said he was much in favor of the election of United States senators by the people. He said, however, that he was in favor of the plan only along the lines of his famous new nationalism speech.

Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, of Chicago, delivered the Lincoln oration. At the speakers' table were Colonel Roosevelt, Lloyd C. Griscom, William Barnes, Jr., Admiral E. C. Leutz, Judge Emory Speer, Secretary Von Meyer, General Frederick D. Grant, General Thomas H. Barry, Judge Robert W. Archibald, Timothy L. Woodruff, and Rev. Dr. Joseph Silverman, who delivered the invocation.

STORM FAILS TO STOP LOVERS

Georgetown, Del., Feb. 14.—Sixteen miles of rain and mud did not deter Miss Matilda Reed and Arthur Hill, both of Lewes, when they decided to elope, and in an autmobile they made the trip here in record time last night, and, calling Rev. L. E. Poole into the parsonage parlor, soon were married.

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References: Any Commercial Agency---Any Bank in Philadelphia.

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	3	1	18	4	19					
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BEAR TAKES HOBBLE SKIRT

Bruin Now Back to Woods With Latest Style.

Monticello, N. Y., Feb. 14.—When Miss Amelia Yeoman, of Brooklyn, visited her summer home on Kiamesha lake, she found traces of moths in a hobble skirt and hung the garment on a line in the back yard. When she went to get the skirt in the morning it was gone.

Tracks in the snow about the place where the skirt had hung made Miss Yeoman suspect that a tramp had been prowling about the house. When Wash Bailey and Charlie Smith saw the footprints they didn't tell her otherwise, but made haste to get their guns. Then they started trailing the bear that really was the thief.

When Miss Yeoman was asked if the skirt had been found, she said it had not.

And she added: "If the bear finds it as hard to climb a tree with that skirt on as I did once, it will be a divided skirt when it does come back."

Bailey and Smith have already come across several places where the hobbled bear stopped to use language.

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